

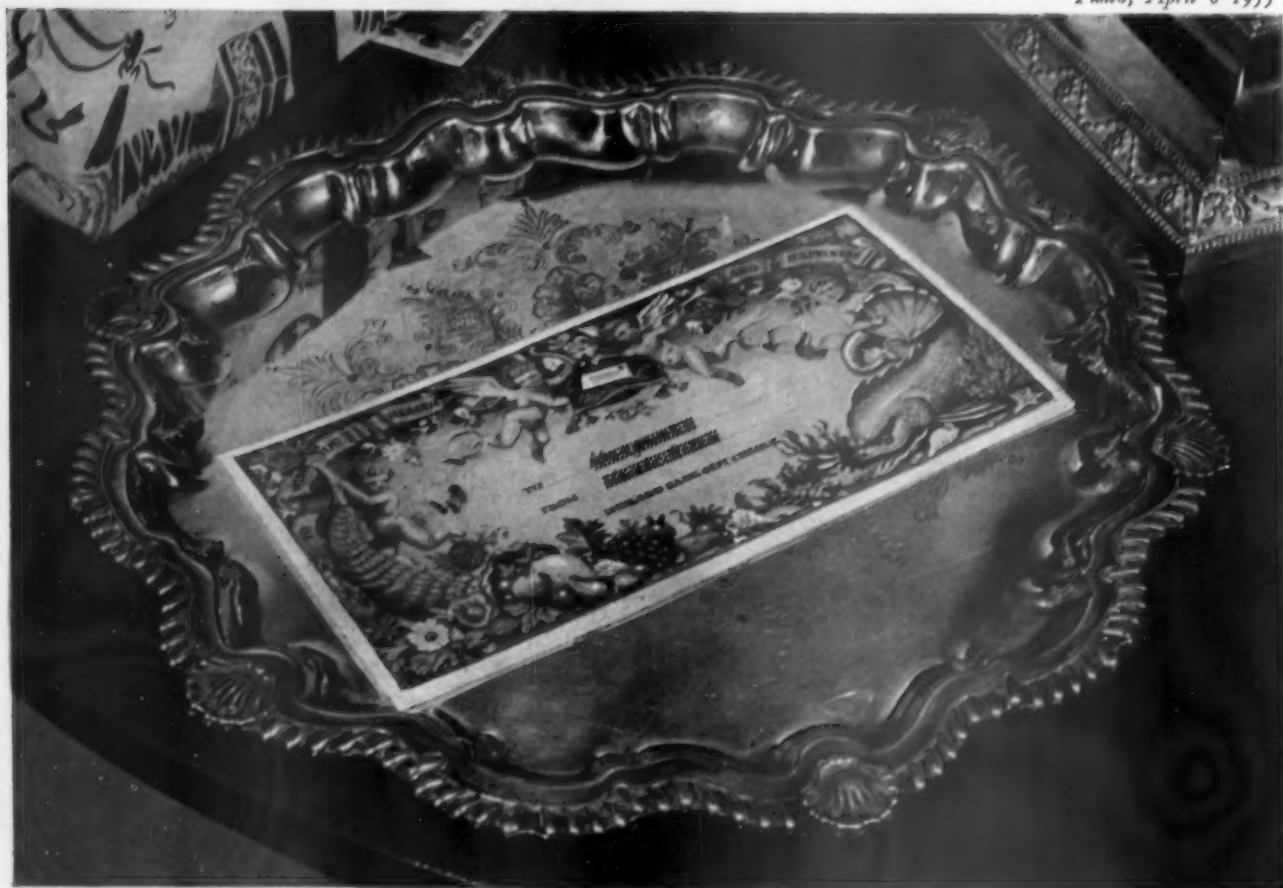
# PUNCH

1/-



Ronald Goate

Spring  
Number



*It's a new and lovely  
way to give  
a money present*



However welcome a money present may be, there's no denying that an ordinary cheque is a singularly un-glamorous thing to receive. But you need give *ordinary* cheques no longer. The Midland Bank has introduced for the first time in this country a series of Gift Cheques, each designed by a well-known artist and reproduced in full, glowing colour. Now, your money present can be as attractive as it is welcome. And it will still be a *personal* present, for the Cheque will be signed by you and made out for any amount you provide. This new service of the Midland Bank is available to everyone, no matter where they bank (or whether they have a bank account at all). It costs only 1/-, over and above the amount of the Cheque. Any of the Midland Bank's 2120 branches will gladly give you further details or you can obtain, from the branches or by post, a free descriptive leaflet in full colour.

*Ready now: Midland Bank Gift Cheques for Weddings, Birthdays and General Gift purposes. A Christmas Gift Cheque will be available later in the year.*

*You give a new idea, when you give*

**MIDLAND BANK GIFT CHEQUES**

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED • HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2.

*For a sweet aperitif*

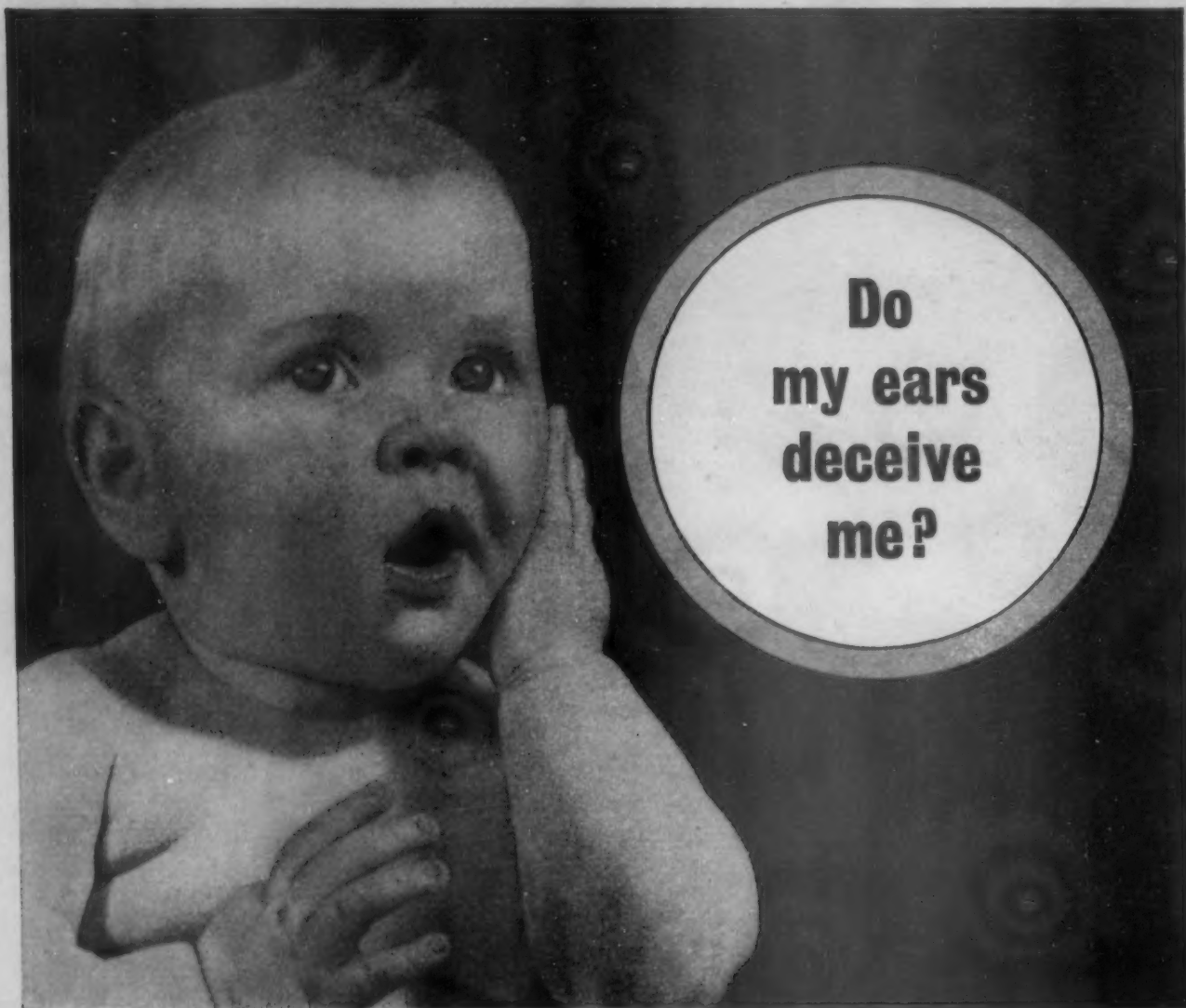
*better drink*



**Here's the  
Perfect Recipe**

- A glass of Martini Sweet Vermouth,
- well chilled and with a twist of
- lemon peel makes the perfect
- aperitif before lunch or dinner.
- (In a bar ask for
- 'A Sweet Martini Vermouth')





Do you expect me to believe that there are actually homes without refrigerators? If so, how on earth do they make *sure* food is kept fresh and wholesome?

Of course, my people don't take chances. What's more, I hear them say our gas 'fridge costs practically nothing to run. You see, it saves waste as well as preserving health.

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**"BRIDE OF THE YEAR"  
 COMPETITION**  
 FIRST PRIZE £100

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**ELECTRIC BLANKET in the Summer!**"

"For a man of thirty English summers, dear, you should be more perceptive! In a damp, mostly chilly climate beds should be well-aired all the year round. A "Warmabed" Electric Blanket's the answer—it happens to be the finest and most reliable made. "Warmabeds" are every bit pure wool which is far more satisfactory than substitutes. It retains the heat, you know."  
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**Warmabed**

"WARMABED" Electric Blankets are supplied in 100% Pure Wool, in pink, periwinkle blue, honeysuckle or willow green.

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(All prices include Purchase Tax)

Ask to see the Warmabed Electric Blanket Regulator SS1"

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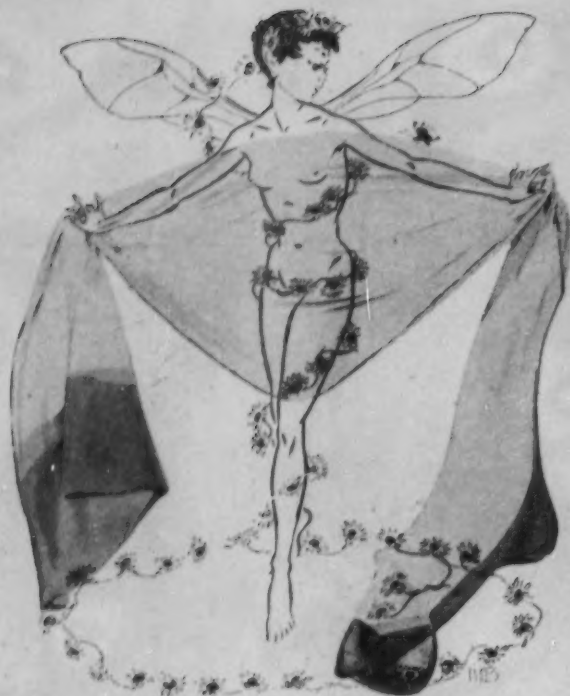
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a rich carpet  
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*"Now tell me how you like my coffee"*



*Dress by Brenner Sports*

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Picture Post Photo

# "Be bold with Colour"

says DAVID KNIGHT M.S.I.A.

David Knight, the well known interior decorator, has used some intriguing colour contrasts in his treatment of an 'open plan' modern house.

"For the lounge hall," he says, "I have chosen from the wide Pammastic range, Forest Green to give a broad area of colour which is both bold and stimulating.

The other walls are in colours which contrast both with each other and with Forest Green. A mixture of Terra Cotta and Beige gives interest to the opposite wall and helps to emphasize the first flight of steps.

An important factor is the 'linking' of these areas of colour with one another. It can be achieved by inter-changing small areas of the dominant colours, e.g. the Terra Cotta picture frame on the green wall, and splashes of Forest Green on the Terra Cotta wall."



**THE BALCONY** Upstairs, a Mushroom wall blends with one in Porcelain Blue and both are in sympathy with the downstairs walls. All woodwork is in Broken White Pammel.



**THE EXTERIOR** The chief decorative link between the two houses lies in the use of White Pammel on the window frames and other woodwork and in the Primrose Pammel used on the door of the old house and the window-box of the new. Contrasting planes of colour are provided by the Vermilionette door of the new house and the Green garage walls, showing up boldly against the grey walls of the old house.

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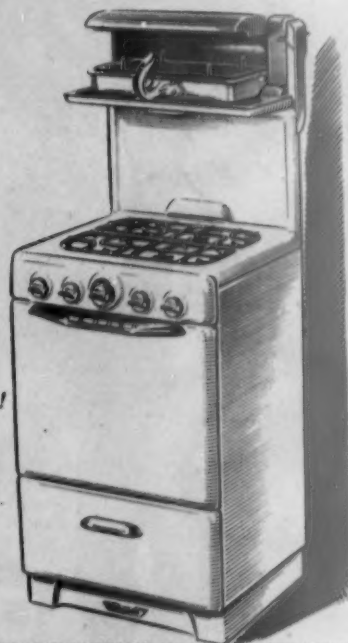
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*Walk? Too warm . . . . Or swim? Too lazy . . . .*

*See a film then? I want to see the sun set on the water*

*A deck chair in the shade? That's better*

*. . . . And a cool, cool drink? Better still.*

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*Do sit down. You're making me feel energetic.*

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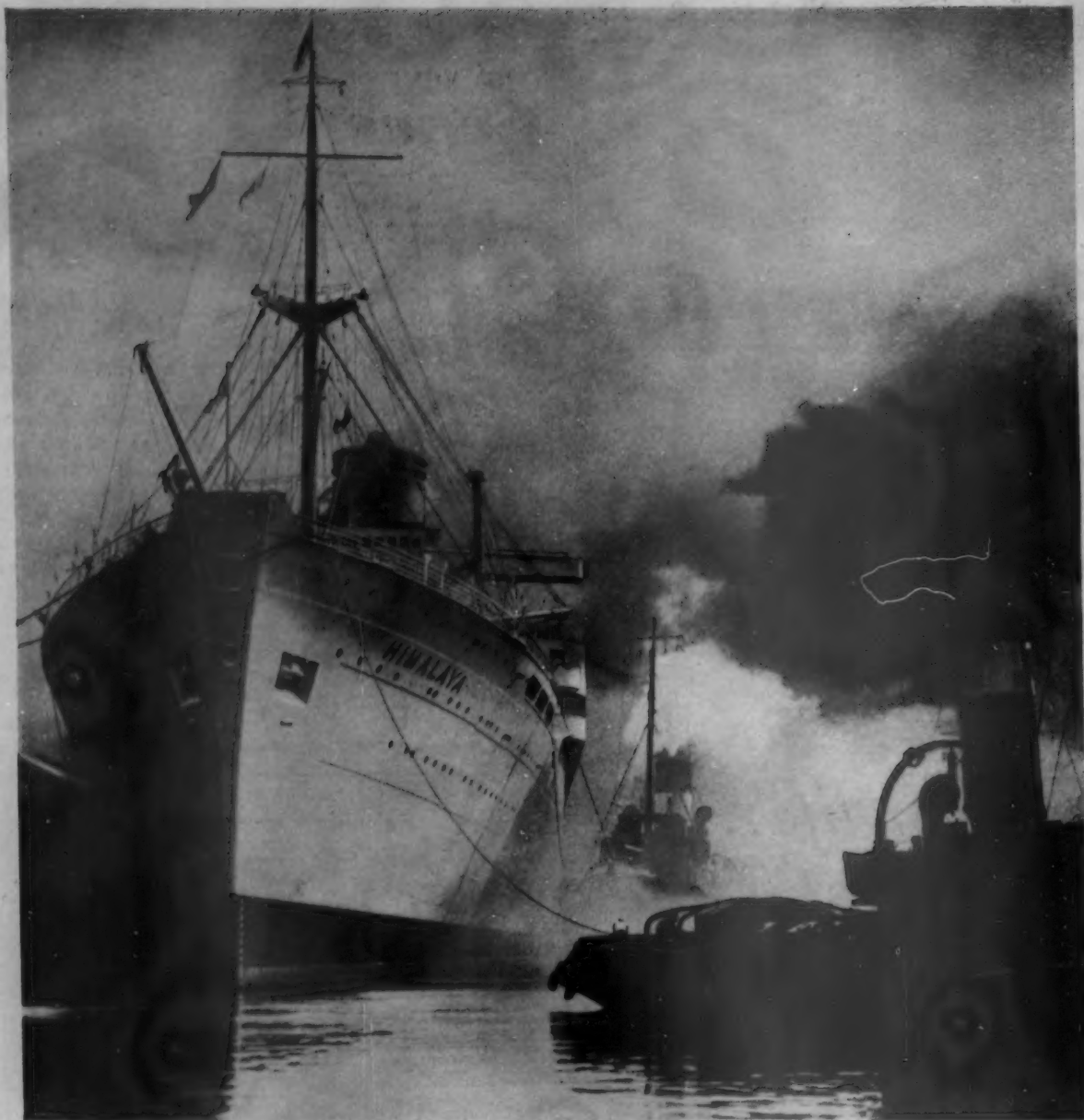


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—two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with soda.

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For rear wheels, giving non-skid safety on wet slippery roads, and maximum grip in mud. Smooth riding, and quiet. Long, trouble-free mileage.

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# *news about* DAKS

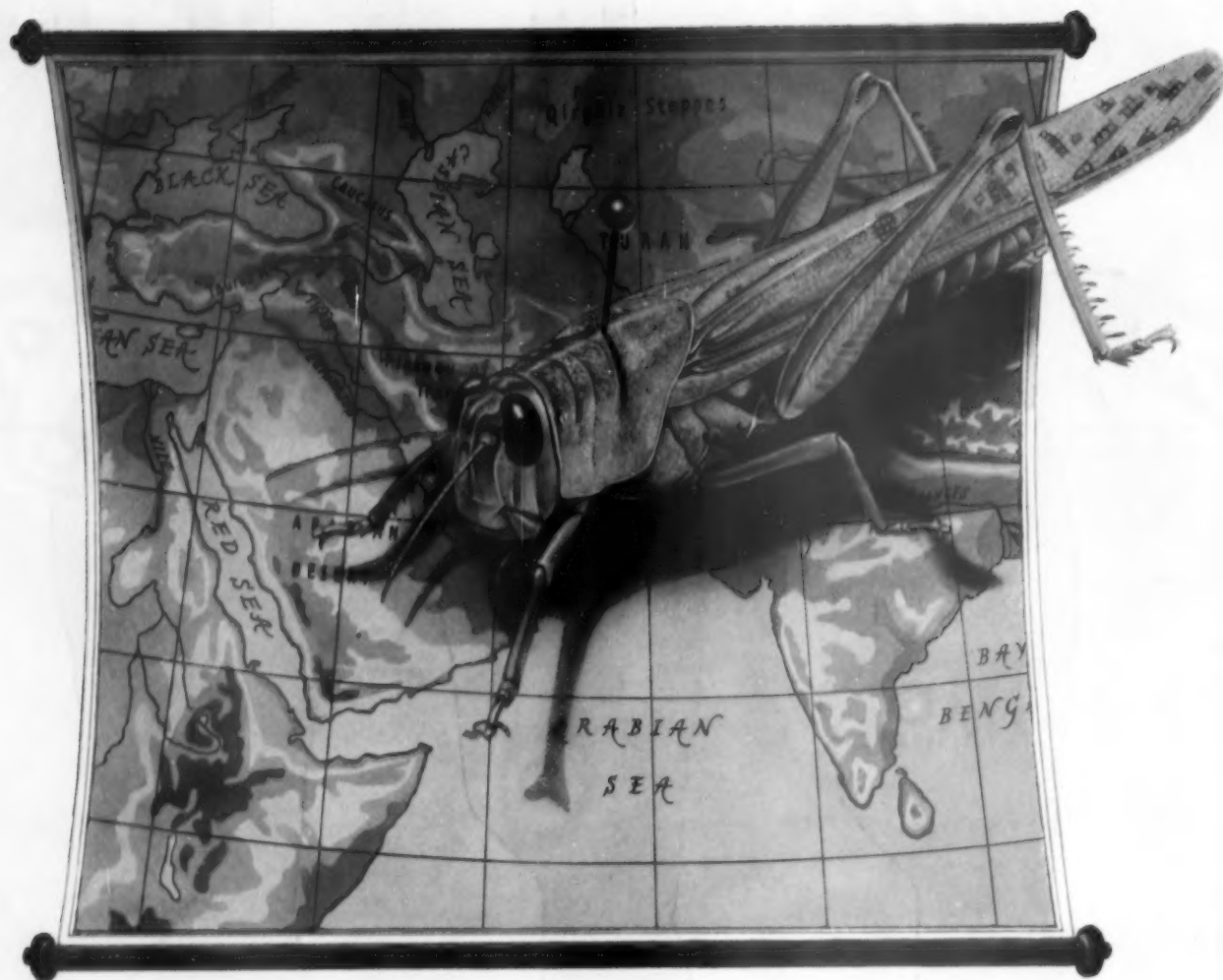


New cloths and new colours for Daks in 1955! The lighterweights—pinline and pinpoint for instance—for these times when more and more men holiday abroad. And for heavier weight Daks the new Aircord, handsome, hard-wearing cloth with a fine corded surface—right for the country. Yet perhaps the biggest news about Daks is the oldest news of all, their quality remains the same. Good looks, good wear and great comfort. *You can always tell Daks.*

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*Have you a stubborn pest problem to be solved?*

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. . . and four feet across, with sixteen arms and no nostrils, casual observers might mistake you for a Martian (Mark I, copyright H. G. Wells); though not for Mlle. MARS, famous French actress, who was a star but no planet.

She was not, so far as anyone has mentioned, criss-crossed with canals or subject to daily temperature variations of 100° C.

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Coxmoore by the look of them.  
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And they fit beautifully.  
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There are Coxmoore 'Argyle' socks  
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Gold plated watch with new  
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guaranteed for one year.





## LANDMARKS IN STEEL

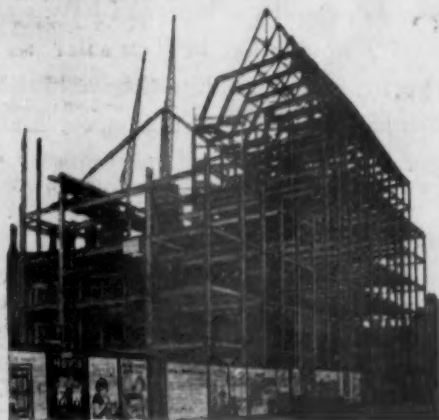


Architect: E. Vincent Harris, O.B.E., F.R.I.B.A.,  
19 West Eaton Place, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1

### STEELWORK for LOCAL GOVERNMENT

#### TOWN HALL EXTENSION MANCHESTER

Visitors to Manchester will recognise the Town Hall Extension. Architects and Builders alike will all realize the craftsmanship which lies behind the words—Steelwork by—

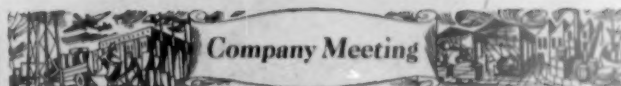


A view of the skeleton framework during construction.



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## LEWIS'S INVESTMENT TRUST

controlling LEWIS'S LIMITED with Stores in  
Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow,  
Leeds, Leicester, Hanley and  
**SEFRIDGES LTD.—LONDON**

The 26th annual general meeting of Lewis's Investment Trust Limited will be held on April 21 in Liverpool.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. S. H. Leake, O.B.E.:

I report a continuance of the consistent growth in the Profits of Lewis's Investment Trust. Consolidated net profit before taxation amounts to £4,813,351, an increase of £232,698 over last year. The consolidated profit, after tax and various provisions, is £2,015,137.

The profits retained in the Group amount to £1,247,355. The retention of this sum is required for various building projects.

Our expenditure on repairs is more than three times what it was in 1946. On the other hand, our rate of gross profit has shown little or no material change as compared with 1946, so that it is essential that the increase in turnover which we have achieved in the last few years should continue to an even greater degree. Having regard to the continuing rise in the level of wages and incomes, your Board is convinced that further expansion in trade is possible.

This conviction stems from faith in the future of the department store as an integral part of retail distribution. With the return of free enterprise the department store is now only beginning to take its true place in the pattern of retailing.

Although self-service may have a place in certain fields of distribution, we believe that in this country it will never wholly replace the personal relationship between retailer and customer, which seeks to make a pleasure out of ordinary shopping activities.

After referring to the building developments taking place at Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Leicester, Glasgow, and Leeds, the statement continues:—

#### SEFRIDGES' CONTRIBUTION TO GROUPS RESULTS

It is in Selfridges where our greatest activity has taken place during the last year. Selfridges contribute about one quarter of the total net profits of the Group, but after three years' experience we are satisfied that it is capable of further development. Its turnover reached record levels during the year.

Much thought is being devoted to making the best use of the potentialities of the Northern site. Plans have been lodged with the London County Council for the building of a Ramp Garage holding up to 750 cars over an extension of the Ground Floor selling area. The scheme envisages the diversion by ramps of all our goods traffic underground for loading and unloading. It is an imaginative attempt to solve a growing traffic problem in the vicinity of our Store by eliminating stopping, backing and parking at ground level and by maintaining an even flow of traffic at all times.



The new Lewis's, Liverpool now two-thirds re-built.



### MR. CHADBAND ON SHAVING

"MY FRIENDS, LET US in a spirit of love inquire, what is the Terewth? If the master of this house was to go forth into the city and there see an eel and was to come back and to call untoe him the mistress of this house and was to say, 'Sarah, rejoice with me for I have seen an elephant!' would that be Terewth? Or put it, my juvenile friends, that he saw an elephant and returning said, 'Lo, the city is barren, I have seen but an eel', would that be Terewth?

No, my friends, no! But if he was to arise and go to his chamber and take untoe himself a razor and return after one minute saying, 'Behold, I am shaven smooth as silk!' would that be the Terewth? O yes, my friends, and greater than the Terewth. It would be Gillette Superspeed Shaving. O let us be joyful, joyful! O let us be joyful!"

(An imaginary excerpt from "Bleak House")



## CHARIVARIA

**A**FTER hearing so much about the uselessness of the Upper House it was refreshing to read of its energetic strictures on the Road Traffic Bill, which was described by noble lords on both sides as "dreadful," "vindicative," "ramshackle," "deplorable," "unimaginative," "disgraceful," "unworkable," "fit only for the wastepaper-basket" and "the worst Bill ever introduced in the House." It was then read for a third time and passed.

### And We Mean Everything

MAGAZINES whose circulation was inflated last week by the newspaper strike undoubtedly included *Home Chat*, and readers who didn't leave it in the train at Victoria, London Bridge, Cannon Street or elsewhere found themselves the richer by a valuable free booklet, "How to Clean Everything About the House." The M. section began with Marble Gravestones.

### In-and-Out Patient

THE danger with the new one-and-a-half-inch mouth-organs, says a humorous contemporary, is that they might



easily be swallowed by a careless performer. That would mean hospital, of course, and being pressed to entertain the other patients.

### Chattering in the Trees

READERS of *The Times* are now in the dark over India's monkey exports. After a Delhi dispatch had said flatly that the export of monkeys was now banned "in response to public opinion" a second report from the same source substituted "strict control" for "ban," said that monkeys would continue to be exported if they were

needed for medical research, and quoted a Government spokesman who when asked if animals would still go to America for atomic and rocket experiments replied diplomatically: "There will be no question of stopping their use for useful research." Owing to the news hold-up no one knows if the touch about public opinion was ever re-introduced.

### Seascope

FOLLOWING the announcement that America's atomic powered submarine *Nautilus* could circle the world submerged, and bearing in mind the extreme vulnerability of surface craft,



experts think that soon after the outbreak of any future war naval engagements would be conducted entirely under water. Cinema managements feel that this will make for some pretty dull newsreels.

### Wagon Hitched

"STAGE, Screen and Radio" has done wonders in its time to sprinkle stardust on variety play-bills. Now the slogan is dead, and the publicity manager's problem is how to work in a reference to the cachet of the cathode tube. This has been managed neatly in current billing of artists appearing at Eastbourne's Royal Hippodrome: "See them before they appear on Television."

### Too Many Comics

WHEN the Secretary for War was questioned on Army cleaning materials in the House of Commons he explained that a new cleaner had recently been introduced called "Web Equipment Renovator." Mr. Jeger, who asked

what the soldiers called it, is invited to contribute to this page at the usual rates.

### Jackpot

AMONG publishers' more humdrum tasks is the search for quotable extracts from reviews, a monotonous business occasionally made worth while by the brisk rattle of a Geiger counter. This glad sound heartened Hutchinson's lately when they found in Sir Harold Nicolson's review of *On the Track of Prehistoric Man* the adjectives "readable," "instructive" and "well illustrated." Also his recommendation "to the many millions of readers who are interested in prehistoric man."

### Got Threepence to Rap on the Door?

GIVING itself a pat on the back for good progress with telephone kiosks, the G.P.O. points out in an imaginative Press release that in the old days people had to communicate by means of "fire, smoke, trumpets, bells, drums, lamps, mirrors, flags and wooden posts



with movable arms." Nowadays we could do with most of these to make ourselves noticed outside the wooden box with the irremovable occupant.

### Shaw's Corner Recornered?

It is not known how far the *Spectator* means to pursue its policy of adapting Shaw titles to its varied and informative articles, though a recent issue contained a survey of supply and demand among medical practitioners under the heading "The Doctors' Dilemma" and notes on the pacifist Mayor of Nelson entitled "Arms and the Alderman." Something about pensioners may crop up any time now, called "Widowers' Trousers."



### Still Small Voice

ALTHOUGH they silenced Fleet Street, the E.T.U. and A.E.U. took no steps to provoke sympathetic action in B.B.C. newsrooms. It was essential to have some way of knowing when the thing was over.

### Groping

UNDOUBTEDLY it was the Sunday papers which were most missed. Millions with their horoscopes uncast had to start the week without knowing whether to expect a sudden windfall, or to carry on in the conviction that no news was good news.

### Oracles, Latest

PUBLIC memory is short, and the recent absence from our breakfast-tables of such old friends as the "usually reliable source" and the "semi-official spokesman" may well have the effect of dooming them to oblivion. Particularly as a Taipeh



"The Editor, Woman's Own, Dear Sir, If it hadn't been for the newspaper strike . . ."

dispatch in the *New York Herald Tribune* is ascribed to a bright, brash newcomer, "Qualified quarters."

### Never Heard of Him

It is high time that Government departments brushed the cobwebs off their publicity technique. Here, for instance, is the Home Office expecting to boost Special Constabulary recruiting by having a personal message from Mr. Jack Hulbert on the latest pamphlet. Apart from a police career which has taken him through all ranks, from Constable to Commandant, Mr. Hulbert has no qualifications whatsoever for this sort of thing, and should have declined the assignment—at any rate until he had appeared on a television parlour-game panel.

### Grinding Faces of Poor, Latest

THE *Telegraphs*, the *Mails* and the *Expresses*

Lay silent at the workers' mighty feet:

A pity that in silencing the presses  
The workers kept the *Worker* off the street.

## Achitophel and Absalom

DAVID had reigned so long in Israel  
The memory of Man could scarcely tell  
A time before his Hand Pontificate  
Had held some great Portfolio of State.  
But, since all mortal things must have their finish,  
Time comes when natural powers at last diminish.  
David was sure that he alone could bring  
Peace from High-Level Talks of King to King.  
Such peace some shivering Levites were afraid  
Would be at best but War in Masquerade;  
Spoons should be long for supping with the Devil,  
And talks, if talks must, at Doorkeeper's level.  
Others at home feared dread Inflation's banner—  
Too many shekels chasing too few manna.  
These were for laying royal David by  
On principles of pure good husbandry.

But still the circling questioners, perplexed,  
Whispered in corners "After him what next?"  
Each asks his neighbour; and the answer, "None  
Is by and large so fit as Absalom.  
Has he not, off and on, a decade since,  
Been David's semi-permanent Crown Prince?"  
The Sanhedrin was generally agreed.  
Achitophel, who owns the *Daily Screed*,  
Wanted some likely horse to take his penny  
And Absalom would do as well as any.  
Absalom in the past had made orations  
Before th' assembled Disunited Nations.  
Such sins of youth! Achitophel averred  
Absalom was the Man to be preferred,  
The people's prayer, the party bosses' theme,

The young men's vision and the flappers' dream . . .  
Added indeed—believe it if you can—  
He'd always been at heart an Empire Man.  
He wished not Absalom's greatness to create—  
For Press Lords print; they neither love nor hate—  
But, hot and cold, to fix it more or less  
And keep him still depending on the Press.  
So he announced the King would abdicate  
And even made his papers fix the date.

The Jews, as sacred lustres go and come,  
Like to change Tweedledee for Tweedledum.  
The rabble Ethnic crew across the Floor  
Were in worse mess than they'd e'er been before.  
So now's the time, speaks out Achitophel,  
When we can hit them hard and give them Hell.  
For Ethnics, i' sooth, it is a question whether  
Those who must hang will want to hang together.  
Our cause a smiling Unity enjoys.  
For those who have the Jobs can keep the Boys.

Barzilai, the people's friend, then said,  
"No flies on me—just call me Uncle Fred,"  
And hired a troop of trumpeters to blow  
All round and round the Walls of Jericho.  
The Walls for all the blowing did not fall.  
Yet a good time at least was had by all.

So by Achitophel's astute direction,  
There was decreed a General Election,  
And Absalom's appointment thus resulted.  
The other Candidates were not consulted.

C. H.





## Life Without Newspapers

ONE'S admiration for the Ministries knew no bounds. Through their distributing agent, the Central Office of Information, they continued to pump out hot news which they knew would never see print. The Import Duties (Drawback) (No. 2) Order about "imported chewing-gum base used in the manufacture of chewing gum" disappeared into thin air. No one ever knew that Lt.-Col. Jessie Parker, of the Salvation Army, was one of a deputation which called on Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth at the Home Office about something or other. Sir David Eccles flew somewhere. Mr. Duncan Sandys addressed somebody. But where, and whom, no one could tell. And what did Sir Walter Monckton say, if anything? There was a terrible darkness everywhere.

Not a scream was heard, not a gem

grabbed. Masked gangsters and attractive brunettes stayed at home, no actresses flew in, no dazzling new star rose over Lime Grove, no jets avoided kiddies' playground to crash harmlessly on allotments. No police cars in 90 m.p.h. chase. No death riddles posed or solved.

Women's fashions aged unnoticed.

The ordinary man tried hard to convince himself that everything was all right really, even if there was nothing to prove it. Tried to believe that somewhere, still, other ordinary men were carrying on as usual: falling forty feet, leaving all to housekeeper, resisting iron-bar bandit, dying in rescue bid, suing surgeon, wedding ice-star, eluding Yardmen, chasing intruder, collapsing at wheel, biting dog. Even at this moment, he told himself, rush hour train was hitting buffers, and director's wife was in divorce tangle.

But it was hard to believe. Everything was. In fact until London got its papers back, and he could read all about it, he wouldn't believe in the strike.



*In view of the Public's deprivation of TIMES leading articles, the following are submitted as suitable for all occasions:*

### THE MORAL ISSUE

LORD ACTON has said that every issue is a moral issue. Nowhere is this more true than in this country, whose people, however sceptical they may have become in certain respects, remain inherently "moral" in their attitude of mind, if not necessarily in their behaviour. JOHN

KNOX may have joined the Fabian Society, or even become a Bevanite, but he is still "gae ill to live wi'." We are nothing if not moralists, and it is in terms of morality that the great issues of to-day must be examined. Of these issues the greatest arises out of the threat, or possibility, that a thermonuclear explosion may disintegrate Printing House Square, if not the globe itself. In what circumstances, we have to ask ourselves, would such an explosion be permissible? Nor can we stop there. We have to go on and consider whether, supposing it to be permissible, the chosen terrain should be enemy or friendly or neutral territory.

It may be said at once that the moral case against precipitating a thermonuclear explosion on enemy territory is overwhelming. Apart from any other consideration, world opinion would never countenance so patent a case of unprovoked aggression. In New Delhi, particularly, opinion would harden against the perpetrator of what could not but seem to all Asians an act of reckless perfidy. What we like to call the Free World would stand condemned. On a more practical plane, the danger of retaliation would at once arise in a most acute form. Provoking an enemy, as TALLEYRAND justly observed, is always foolish and usually immoral.

What, then, should be the choice as between neutral and friendly territory? It is quite clear that a neutral population subjected to a thermonuclear explosion would be forced, even if they did not wish, to abandon their neutrality. Any hope of mediation on the part of some outstanding neutral of the calibre of, say, Mr. NEHRU, would have to be relinquished, and the stage would be set



for another of those relentless world struggles from which neither victor nor vanquished can derive anything but ruin. On the other hand, none of these objections arises in the case of friendly territory, whose population lack the means, even supposing they had the desire, to retaliate with other than conventional weapons.

It is idle to pretend that the mere renunciation of thermonuclear power would, in itself, provide a safeguard against its use, though all will echo Dr. GARBETT's noble and Christian sentiment when he "wished to GOD this vile instrument had never been invented." The course of wisdom and rectitude is to stockpile Hydrogen (and in due course Cobalt) bombs in the earnest hope that they will prove a form of deterrent against nuclear warfare, but in the resolute conviction that, should it unhappily prove necessary to use them, they will be used only against our friends.

### Cold Comfort

**A** MAN is never so much at home as when he is away. How ecstatic is the snug complacency with which we cherish, though "mountains divide us, and the waste of seas," the fond recollection of *lares et penates* left behind. Our books, our pictures, our small secret extravagancies (that collection of old jade in the library, the putative Holbein on the stairs) acquire, through the unimaginable touch of long iniquity, a richer patina, a more pressing mortgage on our affections. From the Eskimo gentleman, then, apprised while on a visit to friends in High Wycombe of the mournful intelligence that his igloo had been burnt to the ground by a freak storm, we shall do well not to withhold what Mrs. Malaprop, according to no less an authority than Sam Weller, called, in conversation with the White Queen on a famous occasion, her "symptomatic commensurations." An igloo sparkling in the sub-Arctic air may not, to our English eyes, appear the essence of cosiness. But all that glisters is not, necessarily, cold; and to suggest to our Hyperborean guest that he is now doubly welcome to prolong his stay in our midst is not to say that even the chaste delights of High Wycombe can

fully compensate him for those "sweet refreshments of the soul" that he has lost. Indeed, to the captious, it may not seem to be to say anything at all.



*When strikes in other industries have threatened the nation's comfort and security, the Government has sometimes been able to avert disaster by the use of troops. This possibility should not be lost sight of in the case of disputes involving the Press.*

DAILY NEWSPAPER No. 2  
Fleet St. 1 Apr 55

### EXPLORATION

1. 70657 Adm. BYRD, R.E., USN, is to lead a new expedition to the Antarctic. The expedition is to establish three observation sites for the geophysical year 1957-8.
2. Biographical details of Adm. BYRD are attached at Appendix "A".

### SEISMOLOGY

3. The following districts in Greece were shaken by a slight earthquake last night:
  - (a) Western Peloponnese
    - (i) Patras
    - (ii) Pirgos
  - (b) Island of Zakynthos.
 Trace attached at Appendix "B".

### DESCENT

4. NICHOLAS PRONG, aged three, fell thirty feet from a balcony at his home in Beverley, Yorks., on to a bed of dwarf calceolarias.
5. His mother claimed that the balcony was overdue for mainten-

ance by the landlords. "Personnel are always falling from it," she said.

6. Injuries sustained by PRONG comprise:
  - (a) simple fracture of right tibia
  - (b) shock

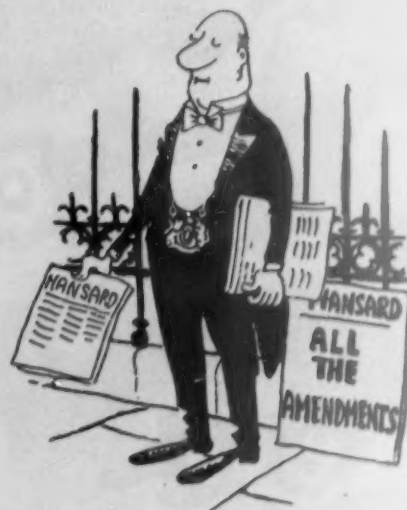
### RELIGION

7. The Pope is to broadcast an Easter message by R/T from the balcony of St. Peter's Basilica. (Source: Vatican spokesman.)
8. Time to be announced.
9. Easter falls in the Vatican on 10 Apr.

### ROMANCE

10. The following personnel are travelling to Gretna Green by road transport today:
 

FREDERICK CANDLE  
ANNE ELIZABETH PLUME.
11. Estimated time of arrival is 0900 hrs. tomorrow 2 Apr 55.
12. On arrival they will report immediately to the smithy with the intention of getting married.



13. Comment was made by CANDLE's next of kin as under:

(a) ARTHUR WILLIAM CANDLE (father). "I do NOT rpt. NOT consider either of them old enough to be married."

(b) WILHELMINA CANDLE (mother). "I can only say I hope it renders them happy."

14. Comments of PLUME's next of kin are attached at Appendix "C" (Restricted).

#### ORGANIZED RECREATION

15. Selections for Caterick Bridge race meeting dated 1 Apr 55 are attached at Appendix "D".

16. Results of Leicester race meeting dated 30 Mar 55 are attached at Appendix "E".

#### AMENDMENT

17. Appendix "E" issued with DAILY NEWSPAPER No. 1 (Selections for Leicester race meeting dated 30 Mar 55) is cancelled.



#### CONGRATULATORY

18. "Staff Officer" napped COLLYWOBBLE (100-7).

*A. W. Robinson*

Captain, RAEC,  
for Major-General,  
Editor.



#### LOCAL REPORTER'S SAD END

*Among the papers of Mr. Eustace Gooch, local correspondent of a great national newspaper, in the quiet little West Country township of Clapton St. Mary, was found the following note addressed to the Coroner:*

SIR,—I am sorry to cause inconvenience, but the frustration is more than flesh and blood can stand. They printed a story of mine in "News in Brief" two years ago, though even then they cut out Mrs. Jennings' name and just put "The postmistress at Clapton St. Mary will complete fifty years service early next month" (which she never did actually because of arthritis, but my follow-up item was crowded out—by Tito's visit of all things), and, of course, I had my scoop with the Superintendent's trousers last August. But apart from those nothing of national interest has happened in this dead-and-alive hole since a pair of Icterine Warblers tried to nest in Barton Meadows in the last year of the war.

Until last week, that is. I had a feeling, Monday, when I was woken up by a hailstone as big as a pigeon's egg crashing down the chimney, that it was going to be one of those days correspondents dream of, and sure enough I was hardly through breakfast when they rang me up from the High School with the news that Phyllis Batch, thirteen, had won the South-western Division Coal Board's prize for her essay on open-cast mining. It wasn't until I was through to Fleet Street and they told me they weren't accepting any outside copy that I remembered this disastrous strike was still on. You may imagine how I felt, sir, after all this,

when the milkman told me that fowl pest had broken out at Witherby Combe.

It never rains but it pours. On Tuesday there was that lorry-load of live eels overturned opposite Harris and Martins, good for two pars in normal times and a thing you might live twenty years and never see again, and then the Chairman of the Bench has to go and choose the self-same day to announce, in Court, that in his opinion television was responsible for three-quarters of the juvenile crime to-day. I never was of a melancholy disposition, sir, and anyone will tell you that up to a day or two ago I seemed my normal cheerful self, but it gets a man down to see the chances of a lifetime going begging one after another. "What's the good of it all?" I said to myself, Wednesday, when the trouble with the rector came to a head and a woman shouted "No Popery!" at evening service and had to be escorted out.

Not that I made up my mind to do away with myself, even then. It was Thursday made me feel I just couldn't go on. I'll tell it as clearly as I can, for the inquest, though the aspirins (118 at bedtime—a record for West England, I shouldn't wonder) are beginning to make me drowsy. I was on my way to the Boys Brigade Rally, just on the off chance of a quick settlement though doubtful if they'd find the space for it even so, when I got held up in a proper jam. I stepped out of the car to see the cause of it, and there it was. A swan in the High Street! Well, I turned and ran for a call-box, with never a thought for the car. "I'll be first with this if it kills me," I said to myself, reckoning they'd keep it on ice till the strike was over, and I had the item clear in my mind as I ran. "SWAN HOLDS UP TRAFFIC IN HIGH STREET. A swan held up traffic in the High Street at Clapton St. Mary yesterday"—like letters of fire it was across my brain. In the excitement I very near knocked over old Mrs. Aaron, who came running out of her house waving a piece of paper and screeching "It's from Buckingham Palace. I'm a hundred and one to-day." "I expect you're planning to go up in a helicopter, Mrs. Aaron?" I shouted, but she grasped my arm and pointed down street where smoke was pouring out of No. 36. "What a day for Clapton St. Mary!" she cried, and went tearing back in to fetch her daughter. Well, a

chimney on fire isn't news, not national, in the common run, but it's different when it's the captain of the Fire Brigade's own house. I ran on, shook off a man whose sow had just had a litter of thirty-six, pushed through a knot of people watching Molly Patterson start her attempt to walk backwards to Land's End, and in less time than it takes to report a plague of crickets I was in the box, ringing my paper.

They didn't even answer, sir. And, believe it or not, when I pressed Button B to get my two-and-ninepence back, four pounds eight and fourpence in coppers came out. I knew it was the end, then.

Having no next of kin, I make my last request to you, sir. Please ask the new postmistress, unless she's busy having Siamese twins or similar scoops on her own account, to wire report of inquest to my paper immediately the strike is over. It might make a three-line fill-up.



## RACING SUMMARY

BY HIPPOCRITIC

IT was within a week of the opening of the Flat that the electricians and engineers ran out, preventing my regular readers' enjoyment of a nice sequence of unusually favourable investments. I have been asked to list my successful forecasts in retrospect, not to gratify any personal satisfaction but to get the record straight when it comes to tabulating the season's score of winners given in this and competitive columns. Wicklow Wanton, Watch Your Step, Bellerophon, Lute and Harp, Brash Baby, Pegasus, Ou Est Ma Tante? and Lady Be Careful I gave, *all to win*, in five days' racing at Alexandra Park, Leicester, Catterick Bridge, Newbury,

and Nottingham; and it was only due to rash and ill-considered industrial bickering that these naps failed to appear in print. Investors who availed themselves of my judgment of these horses, had they been in a position to read it, would have netted a profit of 7s. 9d. for each shilling laid out. The hardships inflicted on the nation by a handful of disgruntled hotheads are indeed far-reaching.

Turning for a moment, for the last time, to the 'chasers, what a wonderful Grand National it was! To clear up any possible misunderstanding on this score, my previously expressed liking for those great-hearted but impulsive horses that went down first time round had been tempered by more detailed observation on the eve of the event, and I had declared my unshakable confidence in Quare Times in a special message from Aintree which failed to appear on the morning of the race owing to a trade dispute over which I have no control.

Enough of the past; let's look ahead. I write on the eve of the Stockton meeting. Should these words of mine be read by you, as I hope, wiser counsels having prevailed in trade union circles, I can describe this without fear of contradiction as the most open race in my long experience, with a big field of promising triers that knowledgeable folk cannot afford to ignore. If, unhappily, the strikers prove to be stayers and I am still denied the right to address my public, I shall be obliged to suspend, yet again, publication of my forecast of the winner, second and third until after the race. Sooner or later, in any case, the British working man's sturdy commonsense will triumph and I am confident of being privileged to give you the winner of the Derby, and, I hope, the Oaks, *before the horses are even under starter's orders.*



## VOX POPULI

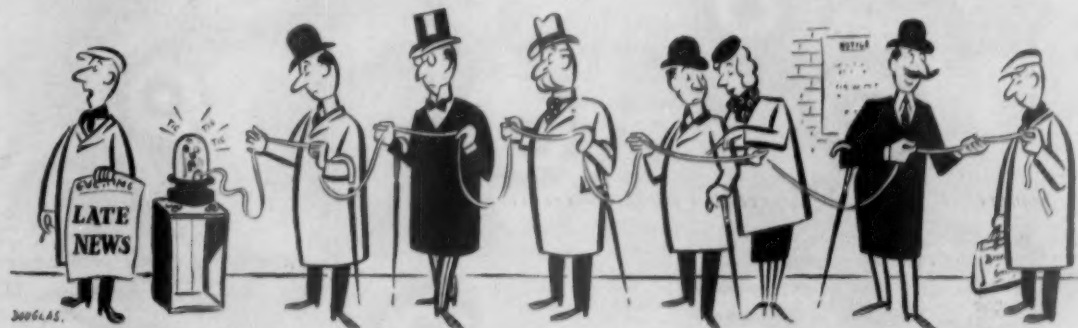
"I'm only a working woman, but I have my pride. This is the first time in thirty years my husband has hit me on the head with the *Illustrated London News*."

WOMAN AT WILLESDEN

"While reading through the shelves of the linen-cupboard I found a mislaid set of doileys of some sentimental value."—LADY CROUP

"Let us give thanks for even a week or two of added life for the whispering Canadian pines, soon to be butchered for pulp to make newsprint."—MAN OF THE TREES.

"It would have suited me better before Christmas, when my feet were bad."—STRAND NEWSVENDOR.





# The Man We Love

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

**C**ALLING all authors. Listen, chaps, did you know that this year marks the hundredth anniversary of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*? It does. The first edition came out in 1855. Well, surely something ought to be done about this. We ought at least to drink a toast to the man who has made it possible for us to get so much of our literary work done for us by the great dead. Speaking for myself, I don't know where I would have been all these years without Bartlett. It so happens that I am not very bright and find it hard to think up anything really clever off my own bat, but give me my Bartlett and I will have you in stitches. "The understanding is always the dupe of the heart." "He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect." Things like that.

It always beats me how Bartlett did it, how he actually managed to compile a volume of three million quotations or whatever it is. One can see, of course, how he started. In its early stages the thing must have been reasonably simple. I picture him at a loose end one morning, going about kicking stones and whistling and generally messing around, and his mother looked out of window and said:

"John, dear, don't fidget like that. Why don't you find something to do?"

"Such as—?" said John Bartlett (born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1820).

"Well, why not compile a book of Familiar Quotations, a collection of passages, phrases and proverbs, traced to their sources in ancient and modern literature?"

John Bartlett's face lit up.

"Mater," he said, "I believe you've got something there. I will. I know one quotation already—'To be or not to be, that is the question'—so I'm off to a running start. Paper!" said John Bartlett. "Lots of paper, and can anyone lend me a pencil?"

So far, so good. But after that, what? Where did he go from there? You aren't going to tell me that he had all literature at his fingers' ends and knew just what Guy Humphries McMaster said in 'eighty-six, or Aldus Manutius in 1472. I suppose he went about asking people.

"Know anything good?" says John Bartlett, buttonholing an acquaintance.

"Shakespeare?" says the acquaintance.

"No, I've got Shakespeare."

"How about Pliny the Younger?"

"Never heard of him, but shoot."

"Pliny the Younger said 'Objects which are usually the motives of our travels by land and by sea are often overlooked and neglected if they are under our eye.'"

"I don't think much of that."

The acquaintance stiffens.

"If it was good enough for Pliny the Younger it ought to be good enough for a pop-eyed young pipsqueak born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1820."

"All right, all right, no need to get worked up about it. How are you on Pliny the Elder?"

"Well, Pliny the Elder said 'Everything is soothed by oil.'"

"Everything is what by what?"

"Soothed. By oil."

"Well, I'll bung it down," said John Bartlett dubiously, "but I don't think much of it. Ask me, the man must have been pie-eyed."

And so the book got written, little by little and bit by bit. In its original form it contained only 295 pages, but the latest edition runs to one thousand two hundred and fifty-four, not counting 577 pages of index. It just shows how this quotation-collecting grips you. You say to yourself that one more—as it might be "Guard us from error in

narration" (Abu Mohammed Kasim Ben Ali Hariri, 1054-1122)—won't hurt you, and then you'll quit, but can you? Isn't it just that one more insidious quotation that starts you off on a regular bender? Have you the will power to stop with Abu Mohammed Kasim Ben Ali Hariri and not make a pig of yourself with Bernard of Cluny (twelfth century) and Meir Ben Isaac Neherai (*circa* 1050)? Ah!

One rather unpleasant result of this continual bulging process is that Bartlett to-day has become frightfully mixed. It is like a conservative old club that has had to let down the barriers and let in a whole lot of rowdy young new members who lower the tone. There was a time when you couldn't get elected to Bartlett unless you were Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury (1800-1873) or somebody like that, but now you never know who is going to pop out at you from its pages. Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin (1743-1816) often says to Alexis Charles Henri Cléral De Tocqueville (1805-1859) that it's a bit thick. "Dash it," he says, "when it comes to being expected to hobnob with ghastly outsiders like P. G. Wodehouse and the chap who wrote 'Ain't it awful, Mabel!' well, dash it!" And Alexis Charles Henri says he knows exactly how Gabriel Romanovitch feels and he has often felt the same way himself. They confess themselves at a loss to imagine what the world is coming to.

Nevertheless and be that as it may, Bartlett with all thy faults we love thee still. How many an erudite little article like this one could not have been written without your never-failing sympathy, encouragement and advice. So all together, boys!

"What's the matter with Bartlett?"

"He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"Bartlett!"

"Yay, Bartlett!! For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, for he's . . ."

And no heel-taps.

5 6

"What do the A-line, the long torso line and the flat-fronted look mean to the average woman in the coming season?"—*Star* Plastic surgery?



# POST-PRE-RAPHAELITE CHAT

WE don't like contemporary furniture;  
In literature and art we follow suit;  
We'd much prefer to garner a few Victoriana—  
We adore wax fruit.  
We positively loathe acid yellow  
And similarly fashionable tones;  
Though some see (to our sorrow) less in Ingres than in Corot,  
We adore Burne-Jones.

Both Chalk Farm's icy mansions  
And Lambeth's gas-filled lights  
Mean slow familiar scansions  
To post-Pre-Raphaelites;  
All things late Victorian,  
Things Gothick great and small—  
If blessed by Mr. B\*tj\*m\*en  
Are worshipped by us all.



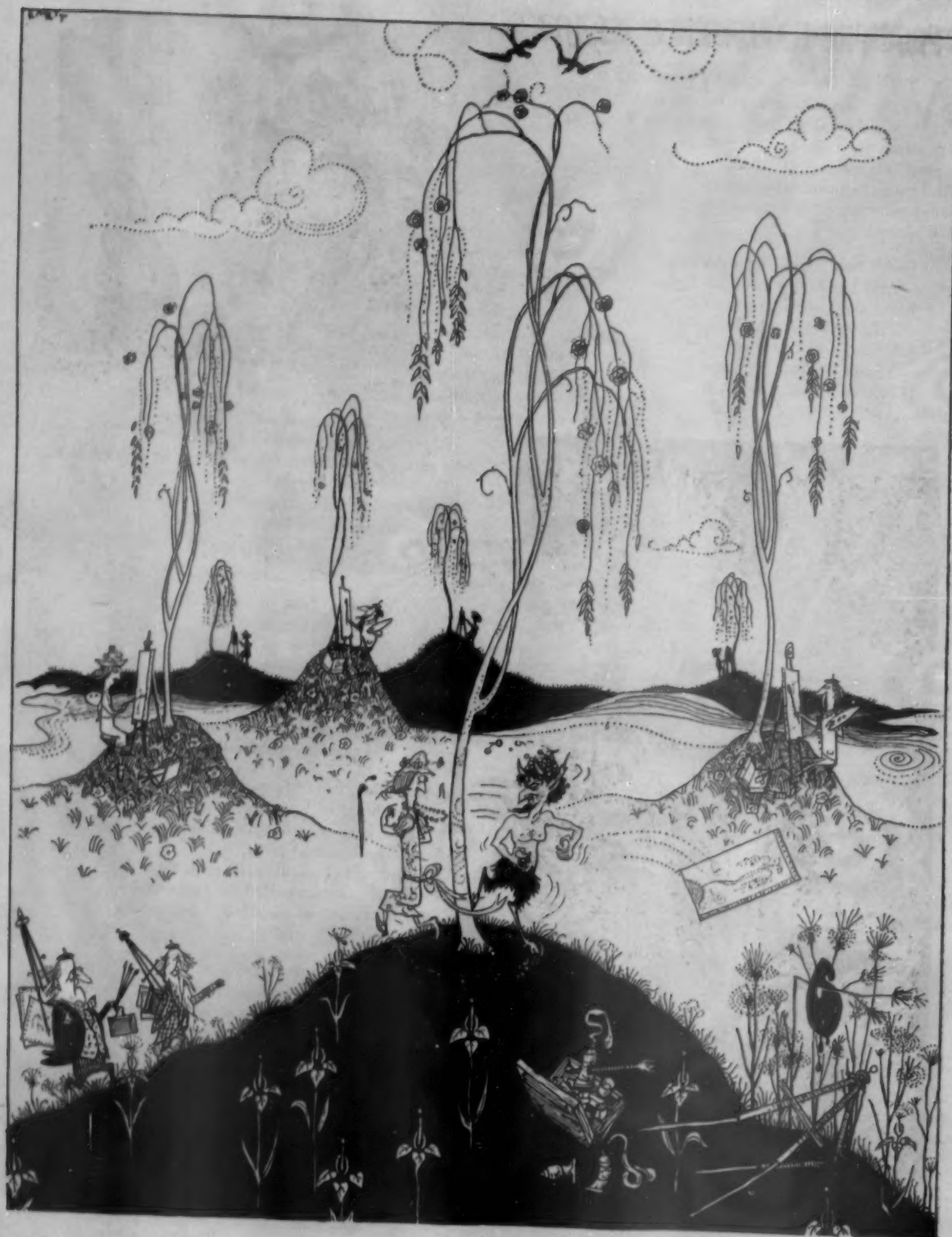
For timber, give us teak and mahogany—  
Light oak is too hideous for words;  
We prefer a horsehair settle to a chair of twisted metal—  
We adore stuffed birds.  
We don't like the Bauhaus school of building  
And mobiles do not move us at all;  
Appalled by glass and chromium we lavish our encomium  
On the Albert Hall.

We love all Low Church seating  
In late Victorian styles,  
With pitch-pine pews and heating  
Beneath encaustic tiles;  
But buildings after Lutyens  
(Especially Frank Lloyd Wright's)  
Are blots on art's escutcheons  
To post-Pre-Raphaelites.

We like a mug from Margate on the mantelpiece,  
And etchings of Napoleon in battle  
Across the parlour wall, with a Landseer in the hall—  
We adore highland cattle.  
We disapprove of paintings by an artist  
Prepared to cut an ear off for a mistress;  
We loathe the use of lots of little evergreens in pots—  
We adore aspidistras.

Our consciences have racked us  
Until we must confess  
We find we cannot practise  
The love that we profess:  
It's smart and it's amusing,  
But we are certain that  
Life's easier if you're using  
A small and modern  
electric-lighted,  
not-too-Victorian-ceiling-heighted,  
fairly comforting easy-chaired,  
not too steep and narrowly staired,  
lightly painted and properly plumbed,  
with corridors not lincrusta-gummed,  
centrally-heated flat.

ANTHONY BRODE



"Dammit! This one's bagged."



## Belgrade Waits for the Light

**Y**UGOSLAVIA (say what you like so long as you don't spell it Yugoslavakia) consists of six republics, five nations, four languages, three religions, two alphabets, and one traffic light. This, the most beautiful traffic light I know, is suspended from a network of four cables at the intersection of Prince Milosh and Marshal Tito Streets. Supported by the People's Pharmacy, the May 1st Shoe Shop, the National Bank, and the Glorious Revolution Salami Factory, there hangs, fellow citizens of Belgrade and comrades of the Federation of Republics, Yugoslavia's anticipatory bid for a traffic problem. For although Belgrade is bad for the teeth and skin, its citizens look to the Future; this Future they know they will have when (as in all degenerate capitalist capitals) the traffic is packed tight for street after paralyzed street.

For the moment Belgrade is empty of privately-owned cars, although, obedient to the universal laws of high taxation, businesses can run vehicles which are not unknown to deviate to the private pleasure of public figures. There are the impressive Studebaker taxis on which the taximen's commune or profit-sharing partnership (when there are any profits) paid eight times the cost in duty. And there is the traffic light honouring the memory of two of Yugoslavia's bigger brothers.

As the military policeman, standing on a little platform in a fur-collared, puff-sleeved raincoat, blows his whistle and presses the button to change the light whenever an unsuspecting car appears, the citizens, for whom a trip to the traffic light is the cheapest pleasure outing the city affords, breathe out as one Progressive man. Why, ask the inheritors of the technical prosperity resultant upon the Revolution of November 1943, should there be three lamps in three non-nationalistic colours which may only be described in decadent bourgeois æsthetic terminology as red, amber and green? Does it point the foreign origin of the light—for no one is certain where the traffic light came from? A disgusted student loudly insists that it is of the old-fashioned Rumanian pattern and is probably a reject of one of the swindling capitals of the West, along with Belgrade's

By WOLF MANKOWITZ

rickety trams and trolley buses. If only there were a traffic problem Belgrade would be a natural market for Belisha beacons, but, try as he may, the eager policeman is unable to cause any accidents. The delighted crowds, eager to learn, pay close attention to his instructions. They stand and watch. He pushes the light button. The light changes to green. "Green means go," he has said—so they go. "Not you," he shouts, "the traffic." The crowd returns to the pavement. "Here am I," he says, "wearing my fingers to the knuckle pressing a button to educate you, fellow participants in a decentralized economy, and what do you do—you cross the road just when you feel like it. You don't deserve a traffic light."

A small girl with black braided hair, a fur skull cap, and a reverse sheepskin coat looped at the waist and full-skirted to the ground, looks up at her father, distressed. He smiles, showing blackened teeth (for the highly-chlorinated water of Belgrade mocks even the most progressive ivory castles), and comforts her in Serbian. Perhaps he is reminding her that Magna Carta is a copy of an early Serbian document, and that Serbs used knives and forks when Richard the Lionheart crudely ate with his fingers. The child, comforted, waits, a little confused, for the right light.

A little way up Marshal Tito Street, the cynical sole survivor of Belgrade's private enterprise, a ragged dark man with a weighing machine is irritated at the hold-up in pedestrian traffic which the light is causing. Perhaps he is also cynically indignant at the lack of enterprise on the part of the policeman who could so easily charge a few dinars for the privilege of showing the light change. As it is, the capitalist

with the weighing machine has to accept second place among the cheaper popular diversions of Belgrade. He, however, has the satisfaction of not being de-centralized or having partners.

Seconding him in their relative economic independence is a trio of ragged gipsy boys in stained forage caps and large military tunics, who operate the begging circuits with a technical efficiency which is an example to all Belgrade. In the morning when they leave the gipsy cottages up on the hill-side suburb (which residents describe as Lower Paradise (Papa Tito dwells in Upper Paradise) they pass St. Peter's Apple Tree, where six hundred years ago, or during the time of the Pharaohs (the gipsies are a little uncertain on dates), an old aunt or Bibija had a vision. The vision told her that if she and the tree were venerated the gipsies would not suffer from bubonic plague. Clearly the gipsies remained plague-free, because the three beggar boys pass in the best of health on their way to the Grand Hotel Majestic, which houses so many visiting dignitaries it is regarded by Yugoslavs as being as near to abroad as most of them will ever get.

The Majestic, an over-heated (possibly wired) centre of modestly luxurious bad cooking, real butter and intrigue, designed in veneer, patterned wall-paper, marble and fretwork by a



council housing-estate architect with delusions of grandeur, is a self-administrating commune where lifts stick, and where if you do not like the permanent smell of cabbage cooked in the Serbian way you may write to the official paper, *Borba*, and complain.

For this is the way Yugoslavia's brilliant alternative to Russian State-capitalism and Western private enterprise works. An enthusiastic supporter of decentralization explains: "You can go to a shoe shop; you say I want a pair of shoes; the salesman sells you a lousy pair of shoes which falls to pieces two weeks later. Before we had decentralization you took the shoes back and they told you to go to hell. Now you take the shoes back and you say to all the workers in the shop, this son of a bitch, what he wants to sell a pair of bad shoes to me for? If you don't change the

shoes I will write to *Borba* and complain and then other citizens will not buy your lousy shoes and you will all lose customers for your rotten shoes. And correspondingly your proportion of the profits if any after the high rent and the State's share is deducted. Ten to one they will change the shoes." All this, of course, assumes you have enough dinars in the first place to buy a pair of shoes.

Clothes are expensive. A shirt costs 2100 dinars, about fifty shillings—a pullover about 5000 dinars—a second-hand Margaret Kennedy novel 220 dinars—furniture (either in the Serbian version of Scottish baronial style or Progressive Contemporary) so much money that there is a Government hire-purchase system to enable workers to sit on chairs and sleep in beds. But apartments are cheap, and what would rent in Belsize Park at £5 a week costs

in Belgrade ten shillings, if you can find it, for although there is barely a sign of the completely bomb-shattered city of 1941, Belgradians still need the amenities of New Belgrade, a skeletal city of huge wall-less reinforced concrete and steel buildings, vast unfinished cuboids, souvenirs of the Russian honeymoon. Of that idyllic life in roomy New Belgrade, built on sand, hot and fly-ridden in summer, frozen stiff by the Russian winds in winter, they dream as they walk home in the chilly afternoon—for in the New Yugoslavia leisure is valued and work finishes early. The ragged surplus peasantry in process of being made into an urban industrial proletariat miserably pass through the ghostly Future, and you might think they hardly notice it, although maybe they merely wonder what to do with the leisure now they have got it. Or maybe they are depressed at the sight of a



queue of women waiting outside the baker's for the bread that will be baked as soon as the decentralized millers deliver some flour.

As dark afternoon dissolves into raw evening and the bread is finally baked, the *syndic* of gipsy beggar-boys returns home with the generous gift of a reactionary who, having handled properly the marketing of two typewriters, is now the proud owner of a Volkswagon. Unfortunately, even counting the car of an actress who gets as much as thirty American dollars per film, and a citizen who, after paying duty on a fortune inherited from an American relative, had just enough money left to import a car; and even including the propaganda display outside its Embassy of the entire shining range Germany can offer, from the Ambassador's Mercedes-Benz down to the German Ford of a miserable attaché—there is still no traffic problem in Belgrade.

Even a signalling system of one to six honks for turn left, right, continuing straight on, reversing, stopping and starting has failed to create real confusion. Not even State-controlled co-operative horse-racing on Sundays, with a betting limit of one hundred dinars, has caused a small traffic jam. The military policeman in charge of the traffic light plays his desperate and losing game as the dusk-time promenade of leisured citizens, with nothing else to do, wait patiently for the light to change, and a negativist wit in the tearoom of the cabbage-scented Majestic suggests that Yugoslavia (get the name right) might profitably export her parking space.

"Certain off-peak and night fares filed under Resolution 084g. carry the symbol 'z' which means that catering will be restricted to tea or coffee and biscuits and buns (not sandwiches). It is clear from a number of approaches which have been made to us from other carriers that there is no clear understanding of what is meant by a 'bun' . . . We should like to suggest to all carriers concerned that it would be in the general interest if a uniform practice could be agreed in this respect, and it would be appreciated if Members could let us have their comments on this suggestion."—*From a letter to Members of the International Air Transport Association*

But keep your eye on the instrument panel.



"No!"

## Encore Coquette

GREAT-AUNT HENRIETTE, whose hearing has grown dim, has yet not forgotten  
The craft of listening.

*Sourire, soupir, puis, rien dire*, but, with an eye alert and glistening

Suffice to engage in combat the most mordant of wits.

And thus her reputation thrives while she just smiles and sits.

Great-aunt Henriette, whose age is eighty-four, has not yet forgotten  
The lure of silken hose.

Yet, as the wool alone averts a cold empurpled nose  
Two pairs of sturdy worsted first perform their secret rite,

Then nylons top the structure with an air cosmopolite.

Great-aunt Henriette, whose face is—getting on, has long since forgotten  
The way her features used to go.

*Tant mieux!* She re-creates herself, so, and so, and so.

Great-aunt Henriette, whose face is rarely twice the same,  
Discards the rules of *maquillage* in her intricate game.

Great-aunt Henriette, *enfin*, believes in *la logique*.

If Time deals her a buffet she proffers a different cheek.

EVELYN ROCHE



## Preparing the Car for Spring

By RONALD COLLIER



AT this season, when frosts are slain and flowers begotten and in green underwood and cover blossom by blossom spring begins, it is no use just sitting there pixilated, like Algernon Charles Swinburne, and dreaming that this year you can duck out of Preparing the Car for Touring under the iron tutelage of Joseph Blowfly, A.Mess.Am.I., Technical Editor of *The Automotor* (largest circulation).

Blowfly has been promulgating his directives for twenty years now, man and boy, and he brooks no half-heartedness in their execution. Scarcely is the wrapper off the magazine's Spring Number than victims in forty-three counties are pinned helplessly against the garage wall in their clean Government-surplus overalls, festooned with box-spanners and bleating for clemency. They will get none.



"What motorist worthy of the name is not eager at this time to fettle his machine for the Open Road which beckons us to yet another season's touring?" booms Blowfly with his knee in the pit of your stomach.

"Nothing is more rewarding," he declaims, cuffing you briskly towards your sullen but watchful jalopy, "than doing one's own maintenance, thereby acquiring invaluable knowledge of one's machine and its construction. One's own *modus operandi*, evolved over many years of experience, is to divide the work into three distinct parts—engine,

chassis and coachwork, commencing with the power-unit, heart of the matter and chief sufferer from winter's ravages."

Then, dropping the soporific literary style rented from the magazine's leading articles, he snaps: "Remove sump and cleanse of all sludge and impurities, taking care not to damage gasket."

The fact that twelve nuts uniting this component with the cylinder-block were last tightened with the aid of a steam-winch and are now rusted solidly to their bolts for good measure means nothing to Blowfly, who is possessed of superhuman strength and maddeningly keeps handy a tin of rust-penetrating oil obtainable at your nearest garage. (Seven miles away. Not open Suns.)

Frenzied use of a crowbar and sledgehammer (augmenting the pitiable tool-kit provided by the makers), however, slowly coaxes the slime-laden sump from its moorings until it drops heavily on your left hand, the car thus drawing first claret in Round One. Happily the children are out of earshot, but Blowfly is unmoved by tears or curses. "Now place sump on bench or table," he barks, "and remove every particle of paste, dirt and grit with clean petrol before refilling with fresh multi-viscosity oil [See 'Quick-change Artist in Oils,' by Joseph Blowfly, Page MDCL (supplement), *The Automotor*, August 31 (addendum), 1954]."

Scarcely an hour later six and a half pounds of sludge and impurities have



been scrupulously transferred to your boiler-suit, boots, hair and all exposed parts of the body, requiring the resources of an industrial laundry to process you for a return to civilization. Sandwiches sodden with sump oil may now be taken. Alcohol is better left out of it if you are to continue the struggle.

Luckily it will be unnecessary to put back the sump (a feat any garage-hand will perform for a few pounds after work, if he's not looking at the telly) until you have sent a supplication form to the makers for a Mark IIIa gasket (no longer in production) to replace the twisted pretzel you are carefully concealing from Blowfly. The afternoon, therefore, slips smoothly past as you accomplish such humdrum chores as cleaning carburettor filter positioned horizontally between petrol-feed pipe and float-chamber top (*"using stiff brush but never duster or cloth," growls Blowfly in the nick of time*); greasing felt-pad-type dynamo lubricator cap at commutator end (*Can't find it, squirt oil over the lot*); lubricating distributor rotating cam, suction-control plunger and contact-breaker rocker-arm pivot (*Don't talk nonsense*); and completely draining cooling-system, then flushing out with hose-pipe (*Better—the kiddies love this*).

These and a dozen other superficial attentions, however, have been devised by Blowfly merely as moves in a satanic cat-and-mouse game. As tea comes up, proffered at the end of a pair of fire-tongs, he pounces again with claws fully unsheathed. "Now check valve clearances

with special tools provided in kit," he hisses, "first taking off camshaft cover without damaging gasket, thus necessitating removal of air-cleaner, air-intake pipe and copper union at suction advance control mechanism on distributor."

Only the concentration of Hutton on a fast-crumbling wicket can now keep you in the game.

"Before clearances can be checked," rasps your tormentor, "valve cams must be placed so that peaks point upward vertically. Use starting-handle to turn engine, bringing cams into position, one by one, for measuring and adjusting clearances. Adjustment is made by holding spring cap stationary with adjusting-spanner while T-handled spanner is placed astride camshaft, engaging slots in adjuster-head . . ."

Just a minute. Funny noise in my ears. Better call the whole thing off, Blowfly, while there's still time. No good going on like this. Never meant for each other from the start, Joe. Put it down to experience. You go your way, I'll go mine. Look at the mess on the floor. Never face Fred at the garage again. Look at my hands. All right, so I omitted to purchase tube of good



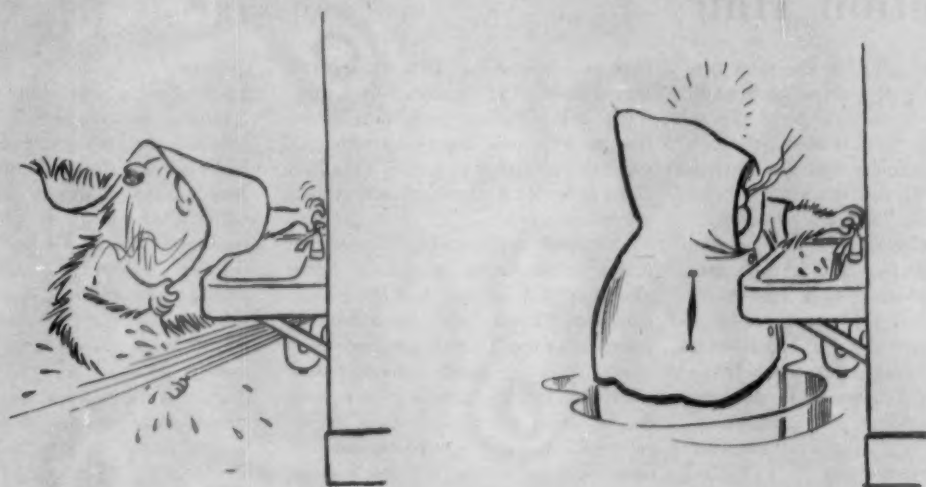
industrial barrier cream before commencing overhaul. Steady. Commencing to talk like you. Remember doctor's warning about hypertension. Pain in adjuster-head now. Must get to house before gasket damaged. What? Dear heaven, going off my rocker-arm. Falling, falling, falling . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

"Two of the white tablets every two hours and two of the yellow ones every four. I'll call again to-morrow morning, but all he needs is absolute rest for a week or so, I think. Good night!"

"Thank you, doctor . . ."

"Here's a nice hot drink, darling, with your pills, and your Automotor to read. You dropped it on the garage fl— Good Heavens! Doctor! Doctor! . . ."



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## Starvation Hall

By LORD KINROSS

ONE after another the sleek cars of the guests drive up beneath the heraldic *porte-cochère*. Swiftly a butler admits them, through an outer hall redolent with the English smells of tweed and mackintosh, into the lounge hall, "spacious and lofty," with a stained-glass window on the mahogany staircase, and thence into the reception rooms, "light and cheerful," with soft pile carpets and cretonnes. The big windows look south, beyond discreet laurel shrubberies, across lawns caressed by Wellingtonias, to the lake and the surrounding park and woodlands, providing "many rambles for those who care to indulge."

The rooms are pervaded by a well-bred hush, and by an elusive aroma of

fruit and vegetables. That "away from home feeling" is "reduced to a minimum." But with a rare hospitality our host affords us a luxury to which we can seldom aspire at home. We have come here, for a mere eighteen guineas a week, to starve.

Conferring his bounty by stages, he inflicts a last meal on us: a dinner garnished with celeriac and hot roasted parsnips. Later, after no-coffee, we assemble in the TV room, a dispensary conveniently at hand behind plastic curtains. Here he receives us in person, his "good friends" all: a select house-party of ladies and gentlemen, come to relax for a few weeks, in polite society, in the deep rustic peace of the Home Counties.

Behind him, life size, is a landscape-painting of a tree: but a tree which "violates nature's laws." Its roots, as labelled, are in dietetic deficiencies or sex excesses, dissatisfaction or hatred, hereditary weakness or faulty posture, with the tap-root Fear. From a trunk of toxæmia, lowered vitality and nervous collapse it spreads out branches of acidosis and anæmia, lesions and tensions, gastritis and boils, constipation and pimples. Such is the lot of polite society.

Such is the topic of our host's after-dinner conversation. "You don't come here to feast," he says, amid murmurs of approval. "You come here to fast." We have come here to reduce the toxic load, to eliminate the end-products in



our faulty metabolism, to force our bodies to oxidize our surplus stores of fats and carbons. Our fluid intake and our food intake will be regulated as few even of the best houses regulate it. Starch-poisoned, sugar-poisoned, auto-intoxicated as we are, our perfect host will generously withhold from our systems the foods they do not need. In princely style he will attend not merely to our comforts and to our entertainments but to our tissues, our glands, our bowels. Touched and comforted, we retire to our beds, taking pleasure in their modern intercom system, their interior sprung mattresses and their electric mattress overlays.

Next morning a maid calls us with half a grapefruit, reposing on a laurel leaf, and as we lie in bed, with the morning papers, our host visits us to suggest how we may care to spend the day. As in the best country houses, various forms of exercise are available; and presently the ladies and gentlemen begin to appear downstairs, walking purposefully through the shrubberies and the light and cheerful rooms, suitably unclothed for their exertions in dressing-gowns or peignoirs, and perhaps pyjamas or nightgowns.

No guest need be bored. There is a wide choice of active sports, down in the basement, with athletic, white-liveried servants in attendance. One day we may enjoy irrigation, followed by electrification (in blankets). If we feel more energetic, ready to exercise every nerve and muscle, there is massage (effleurage, stroking, friction, kneading, pétrissage, tapotement and vibration), followed by a rub all over with kitchen salt to exercise the skin, or an alternate hot and cold sitz bath to exercise the abdomen. More strenuous is manipulation, to exercise the bones, with a twisting and a pulling and an all but breaking of the joints, preparatory to traction, where the guest is tied down to a rack and stretched, all but apart, by an up-to-date system of pulleys.

The house party is thus energetically occupied, but for an occasional elevenses of Epsom salts, until the gong rings for no-lunch punctually at one. We assemble in the light diet bar, where the needs of each guest have been thoughtfully provided, and are handed to us, after the perusal of a detailed chart, by a clean and cheerful barmaid. For one it may be an orange, for another an apple, for a third both an orange and an apple.

Alternatively there may be one of a wide choice of drinks: a glass of apple juice, tomato juice, grapefruit juice, pineapple juice, carrot juice, milk (from the Home Farm's herd of TT attested Dexter cows), or even water (boiled).

This being eaten or drunk with only a few minutes wasted, there is now plenty of time for conversation, which, in well-bred style, touches not on the affairs of the body but on the affairs of the world, of the household, of the circulating library. The thin elderly gentleman in the camel-hair pyjamas who remarks on the excellence of the food commits a social solecism. Still more so the lady who complains of indigestion, declaring heretically that fruit disagrees with her; or the large young gentleman, waterlogged with gin and now waterlogging himself with water, who reveals that he is doing it for a bet.

Here is a society which starves politely. Jokes about Lent are in bad taste. It is not done to remark on the healthy demeanour of the lady of seventeen stone, or to inquire why the emaciated lady with the sunken cheeks does not eat. Guests look tactfully aside when, in a dark corner of the lounge





"Please can I have my ball back?"

hall, a lady mounts the weighing-machine and gets hurriedly down from it, with a perplexed and harassed expression. All are cheerful and well, as good guests should be, disguising all traces of boredom or appetite, denying themselves the luxury of a day in bed with a temperature, regarding death even from starvation as a lapse from good manners.

Smoking, as in the palaces of Queen Victoria, takes place only in a small dark room at the end of a passage, though an occasional tell-tale whiff of cigar smoke seeps out surreptitiously from an upstairs bedroom. In a well-stocked country-house library guests may study learned folios on carbohydrates and proteins, pleased to discover that their

making notes of tempting recipes for nettle beer, dandelion coffee, cider whey, slippery elm, potassium broth, seaweed soup and an alkaline cocktail ("Get some scrubbed raw carrots . . . Squeeze gently but firmly over a bowl . . . Grate a chunk of cucumber (not peeled) and add this to the raw carrot juice. Serve in wine-glass").

After the evening no-meal, in the darkness of the TV room guests may relax sufficiently to suggest *sotto voce* that Mr. Dimbleby, or for that matter Mr. Ustinov, could do with a visit here; or to comment on the tactlessness of a character who lights a pipe on the screen. Then yawning a little, healthily tired after a hard day's exercise, they retire to a well-earned, dreamless rest.

bodies are rich in such products as iron, copper, manganese, potassium, sodium, magnesium and traces of silicon; hankering a trifle for other stately homes where the sports include the Dripping Mantle ("a wet sheet is wrapped round the patient and is slapped against his body with light strokes and is gently rubbed and stroked against the skin");

But all good things come to an end. The weeks roll by, and the time for departure approaches. We eat, in strict rotation, a salad (grown in compost-fed soil), a baked potato, even some wholemeal bread and the portion of a wing of chicken (fed on compost-fed food). We inscribe our signatures and our sentiments in the visitors' book: "A happy and beneficial stay; lost twenty-six pounds . . . Two 'silver lining' weeks in my life . . . Thank you, one and all, for my new streamlined husband . . . Very much disliked coming, much more regret going . . . For this relief, much thanks." We tip the servants. We say good-bye and thank-you to our host. We take our mac from the peg in the hall and our stout ash stick from the umbrella stand. We step into the car, beneath the *porte-cochère*, and drive sadly away home.

From feeling a little unwell from eating too much, we now feel a little unwell from eating too little. It makes a change.

6 6

#### "200 INVESTED"

At the first of six investitures—to be held on successive Tuesdays—the Queen in the white and gold state ballroom at Buckingham Palace to-day invested with the insignia of their awards 200 men and women, the majority of whose names were gazetted in the New York Honours List.

Lincolnshire Echo

Ah, well. Fairbanks couldn't hold the lead indefinitely.

6 6

## Sicut in Caelo, et in Terra

"Why should the devil have all the best jokes?"—St. Polymath of Periphrasis

WHEN members of our Island Race  
Are domiciled in Outer Space  
Let no one fear that they will be  
Neglected by the C. of E.

The Bench of Bishops will (I feel)  
Be prompt to issue an Appeal  
For funds to purchase and equip  
An evangelic Rocket-ship.

The Diocese of Mars and Moon  
Will thus be born, and very soon  
May flit across the stellar scene  
The sly shade of a Lunar Dean.

Yet even here, alas, will come  
Dark theologic odium,  
And practices irregular  
Dismay Ebor and Cantuar;

For complex is the cure of souls  
Remote from Earth's magnetic poles . . .  
(Just how, on Pluto, can a priest  
Be sure that he is facing East?)

And since the Planets never run  
Isochronously round the Sun  
Anomalies must soon appear  
In the Ecclesiastic Year—

The Feast of Magnus Martyr, say,  
Might be a Martian Ember Day,  
Or Saturn's Advent coincide  
With Neptune's Lent or Lammas-tide.

Enormous difficulties, too,  
Await hymnologists—for who  
Would bid his "earth-bound soul arise"  
While soaring through the farther skies?

Such are the problems that will face  
The Theologian in Space . . .  
Beside the Athanasian Creed  
They'll seem the merest chicken-feed.

E. V. MILNER



K R O K O D I L





IVAN (suddenly, after a long pause): Comrade!

Yevdokia: Yes, comrade?

IVAN: NOTHING, comrade. ONLY comrade, comrade.

[Bilious old bureaucrat feels quite sick.]



LUNATIC (suddenly popping his head over wall): What are you doing there?

KOLKHOZNIK: Waiting for the winter wheat promised us by Comrade Lysenko.

LUNATIC: How long have you been waiting?

KOLKHOZNIK: Three months.

LUNATIC: Come inside!

## EASTWARD XO!

ALONG THE GLEAMING METALS  
OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN way  
A letter from Alyosha  
Came here to me to-day.

BORNE by the racing mail-train  
It sped with never a check.  
It flew to me as swiftly  
As Kuts or Zatopek.

—Come, join me, join me, comrade!  
Her challenge forth she flung,  
—Where snow-white maidens dally  
The glittering salt among!

—In cool and dim-lit workings  
I will inspire my man  
With stirring Soviet love-songs  
By Khachaturian!

—Where cooling Eastern breezes  
Play their refreshing breath  
Devoted Russian workers  
All work themselves to death.

So to the steppes of Orient  
My eager face I turn  
To join her in the salt-mines,  
And never more return!

### Krokodil Was Able To Help



Krokodil is happy to report that, as a result of its recent criticisms of the leading articles appearing in Pravda, the Editor of that journal has been removed and the members of the editorial board are under investigation by the Ministry of the Interior. Next of kin have been informed.

IF you know of a deviation  
in your district  
write to Krokodil about it



Commissar: I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mikhail Antonovitch.  
Local Party Secretary: Oh no, comrade Commissar, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!

## A DEVIATION CORRECTED

IT is springtime in all the Soviets. SOFT breezes blow from Georgia, flowers bloom in Chelyabinsk, winter unlocks her icy grip on Krasnoselkuek, and there are smiling faces from Sotrychegodsk to Nizhne Kamchatsk. Even in far Siberia the tide of spring runs strongly—which reminds us that Comrades who exhibited merriment at the so-called joke in last week's issue showing a bureaucrat ordering a heroic Russian mother to enter a people's droschky sideways were in error and guilty of a serious deviation from the line. Humour, which was given to the world by Yaroslavian shoemaker Ostrakhoff during the tyranny of Ivan the Terrible, is not a matter

for undisciplined guffaws such as are emitted by plutocratic capitalist beasts when some piteous mishap overtakes one of the downtrodden working classes. The light-hearted Soviet proletariat, rightly convinced that the gap-toothed grimaces excited by the self-styled "comic horrors" of the bourgeoisie are based on pornography and wrong thinking, laughs only at what is unheard-of in a peace-loving democracy or exhibits the ludicrous vileness of the class enemy. Accordingly, the hyenas responsible for permitting the appearance in last week's issue of the filthy attempt, inspired by traitorous reactionaries, to poke fun at the masses have been cor-

rected; and henceforward Krokodil, heartened by the lopping-off of dead limbs and in a new spirit of smiling self-criticism, will advance uproariously over the twitching corpses of the enemies of Marxism.

"Tell me, Comrade Gregoroff and Comrade Varinya, at what do you laugh so hugely with delight?"

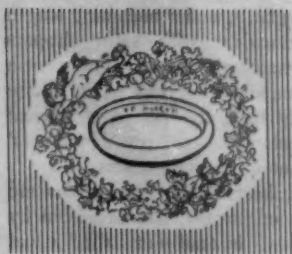
"We are laughing at this delegation of English politicians, who have come to Moscow to see whether we spend our time laughing hugely with delight."

This is correct fun, at which members of the proletariat will rightly roll in the so-called aisles. Ten roubles will be paid for similar anecdotes chastising the warmongering foreign spies.

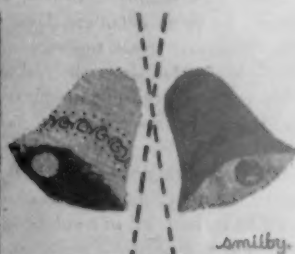


DROPPING THE PILOT





## On With The Brides



**W**EDDINGS are remembered by the things that go wrong. The day that goes smoothly slides into oblivion, but reminiscence is nourished on a diet of small disasters. It is not the fear of major mismanagements, such as marrying off her daughter to the wrong man, which tortures the bride's mother; it is the dread of minor technical hitches. It is the broken suspender, not the broken heart.

Of such small stuff are the black moments at white weddings, when all women take leave of their sense of values. But bridegrooms, who are not so immersed in the minutiae of planning and preparation, fare much worse. According to Samuel Butler, more mental suffering has been undergone in the streets leading from St. George's, Hanover Square, taking numbers into account, than in the condemned cells of Newgate. "There is no time at which what the Italians call *la figlia della Morte* lays her cold hand upon a man more awfully . . ."; but we are not concerned with that side of weddings. That is the inside story. Ours is the outside story, the pretty confetti of wedding gowns and garlands, of bridesmaids and trousseaux, guests and their gifts. Any mental suffering undergone on the distaff side is likely to be caused by anxiety over these things; these take possession of their thoughts and keep at bay the wilder panics stalking in the hinterland.

It follows that the girl about to be married should hesitate before she delegates too much to other people. There is a London store which, through its Service to Brides, invites her to lay the whole burden in their welcoming books: wedding stationery and photography, catering and cars, luggage, travel tickets, hairdressing and hotel reservations. At the Wedding Gift Bureau

she can insure against white elephants in triplicate by giving a list of presents she would like to the Consultant, who accompanies her round the store to decide on colour schemes for china and linen and note down the kind of silver, glass, cutlery and furniture she deems acceptable. The resulting data is recorded at the Bureau, to which the bride-elect refers her friends when they ask what she would like. If any are so independent as to send her gifts from other sources, she telephones the Bureau to have the items struck off her list.

Those who feel this is over-mechanizing the art of giving and receiving may be reassured by the fact that the Consultant does not write the thank-you letters. She could, no doubt, make out a profit and loss account: four hundred wedding guests at so much a head for catering; three hundred wedding presents (allowing for families giving joint presents) at a total of so much. It would probably work out all square. To have no reception and spend the money thus saved on equipping the home oneself instead of with wedding presents would not, of course, be the same thing. Although it might be the same thing. It would certainly be a bad thing for trade. Lavish weddings must not be allowed to go out of fashion as the slap-up funeral has done. What has been lost upon the black crêpe must be made up in white tulle. Florists, caterers, wine-merchants, photographers, dressmakers, milliners, hoteliers—weddings make their wheels whizz round. Shame upon any kill-joy parent who puts his foot down on the brake instead of the accelerator. On with the show!

Enter two or three servants with a banquet—how simple it was, and still is, on the stage. In life it is only manageable

by following the standard pattern of what has been done before. A betrothed couple may start with a few original ideas, but soon they are caught in the coils of tradition: sending out invitations printed in silver; worrying about something borrowed, something blue; rousing up ancient aunts, long moribund, to trace down yellowing Brussels lace; ordering a bridal cake with horse-shoes and hymeneal cupids intermingled with cross swords, golf-clubs, oars, polo-sticks, or whatever be the bridegroom's choice of weapon.

So it is with the wedding dress. We shall not, it is safe to say, see many A-brides in England this summer. The shops have stocked up with stock designs in stock materials: brocades, tulle, lace, satin. There is, as there always is, a preponderance of Italianate neo-medieval gowns (high-necklines, pointed bodices; tight sleeves with pointed wrists), often in "antique lace."



"It used to work so that the lady came out sometimes."

The mediæval and the ecclesiastical become inextricably confused at weddings. In these décolleté days, when a little exposure goes no way at all, a mildly low-cut or short-sleeved wedding dress is considered out of the question. Tradition is against it. Yet, how long is tradition? The white wedding-dress was an innovation of the early nineteenth century, before which it was usual to be married in a coloured gown; and before Queen Victoria's accession wedding dresses were low-necked and usually short-sleeved. They followed the fashion of their day and were up-to-date in their period, not casting back to earlier times.

However, there it is. The English bride of the nineteen-fifties must choose a long-sleeved, high-necked dress which, unless it is to be treated as an heirloom and laid down for her daughters, has to be somehow or other adapted for any future use. The solution most often offered, that of a dance-dress with a long-sleeved bolero, is a dowdy solution if ever there was one. A better one is a dress with a tunic jacket so designed and fitted that it appears, when worn, to be the actual bodice of the dress. One or

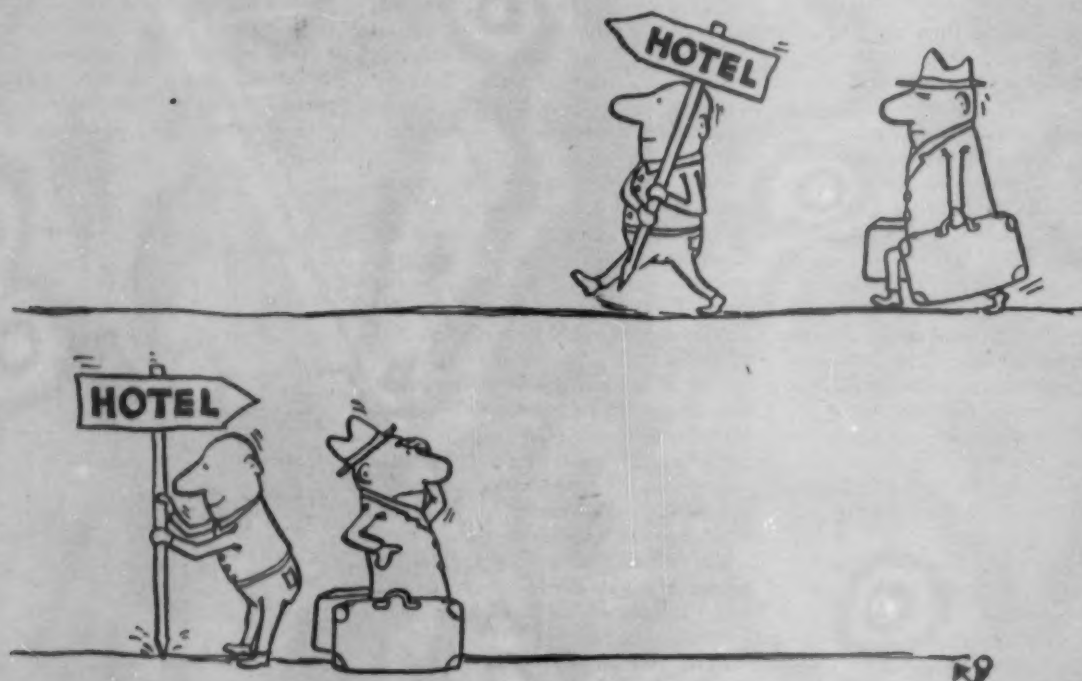
two of the English *couturiers* showed evening dresses like this in their Spring Collections, which in white would make comely wedding-gowns. And in Jaques Heim's London *Jeunes Filles* collection there is a dress of decorous demureness combined with distinguished chic. Of stiff white silk, straight and unbelted at the front, all the fullness is taken to the back, as is the line this year, where stiffened folds stand out to form a small train. A white ribbon surrounds the skirt at the hips, and ties at the back to hold the folds. This, when it became a ball dress afterwards, would not be obviously a wedding dress; it would be an obviously 1955 French model.

Bridesmaids' dresses, also, are too often touched with the mediæval—or else the Victorian. It is wiser to avoid the Bridal Rooms and go to the Boutiques, the *Jeunes Filles*, the *Demoiselles*, the *Débutantes* departments. To these the season's line has already penetrated. There are at one shop, for one example, dresses flown straight from Pierre Balmain's boutique in Paris, ready-to-wear, ready to be copied. Among them, for evening and for Ascot, prettily petticoated ballet-

length dresses. This is the most modish length for young girls for all occasions except big balls, and a becoming length for bridesmaids, with satin slippers dyed to match the dress. These satin pumps are everywhere appearing. Those from Italy have the tallest, slenderest heels—heels which will put *débutantes'* deportment to the tallest test.

The freshest of the Spring hats are little caps of flowers. These, worn by bridesmaids instead of the usual coronets, could flower on for many a summer occasion. There is also a particularly good crop of milliner's fruit this season; but this should be left for mothers and aunts to pick. Orange blossom to hold the bride's veil is by no means compulsory; but it is, in truth, a very charming flower. Now that fashion has become so feminine again, perhaps we shall see the revival of a pretty deceit of the eighteen-nineties. This was to mount the orange blossom on wire springs to give a tremulous appearance. Thus quivering, the bride looked touchingly modest and timorous. For the modern bride, this would indeed be a pretty deceit.

ALISON ADBURGHAM



## The Post-Historic Age

IN the secret heart of the tropics  
Far off from the burning topics  
On which the papers thrive,  
When the pillars of smoke have ascended  
And civilization has ended  
The pygmy men will survive.

The forest and jungle livers  
The men from the mighty rivers  
The men with the wild tom-toms,  
These, these, will inherit the spaces  
Left bare by the Western races  
Who died for love of their bombs.

These will pursue researches  
And these will erect great churches  
To the hippopotamus,  
And deep in the marl and the rubble  
Will find with a great deal of trouble  
Whatever is left of us.

For a million years thereafter  
I can hear their howls of laughter  
As they reconstruct the plan,  
Feature by horrible feature,  
Of that unbelievable creature  
The Nuclear-Hydrogen-Man.

They will put all the skull-bones together  
And argue eternally whether  
The mandibles fit with the lid,  
And wonder how vertebrate mammals  
With so many obvious trammels  
Existed as long as they did.

They will gather together the pieces  
And write some ridiculous thesis  
Condemning the brow as too broad  
Or it may be a trifle too narrow,  
Most probably Eton or Harrow  
Or maybe a palpable fraud,

And a cannibal chieftain with fervour  
Will say to the nearest observer  
"They had their hour and their mood  
But why did they slaughter each other?  
When this man fight with him brother  
Him only does it for food."

\* \* \* \* \*

You find this story depressing?  
Well, I do not object to confessing  
That it gives me a kind of a jar  
That I very much wish I could soften.  
So I hope I am wrong. Quite often  
Palaeontologists are. EVOE





*Saga in the Suburbs***We're Out of It**

**I**T is the wrong time of the year, really, to complain about not living in Central London. Urban petals are dusty, and the scent of petrol pervasive—out here we are surreptitiously putting out the lawn-sprinkler, and the smell of newly-applied fertilizer is rife. And men keep coming round offering to sharpen the lawn-mower. Despite this the drawbacks of decentralization are making themselves felt. Officially we are an hour from the West End by Tube or bus or train. In fact when one faces things honestly, recognizes that the bus to the station is timed to arrive just half a minute after the train has gone and there isn't another for fifteen minutes, one must admit that we are cut off—about an hour and a half from almost anywhere.

This is not just inconvenient when one pines for entertainment—it is a

drawback for shopping purposes too. For commercially we are a self-contained little community with severely normal tastes. Profess a desire for garlic, green peppers or the *Manchester Guardian* and you are up against it. Though you can get all three at a pinch, it takes time.

So, on the one hand we are shouted at by magazine articles: Be different—why plain mutton? why not turn it into *kebab*?—why be a slave to grim tradition, apron-strung to the days when the roast beef of Old England really *was*? And on the other hand you have Messrs. Bloggs in the High Street out of garlic—“Funny, dear—people are always asking for that nowadays . . .” and Jas. Smyth and Sons with no paprika—it’s been on order for weeks and they’ll be seeing the traveller to-morrow.

Everything comes to those who wait, however—we have had obscure library books fetched for us from the utmost

corners of the kingdom. But, still nostalgically harking after metropolitan bustle—still remembering the days when we could push the children into bed and rush round the corner to a last-minute theatre—drop in to the Sales before breakfast—go from shop to Soho shop in search of obscure spices but always track them down in an hour or so, we find it difficult to get used to this new tempo. One must think of everything at least a week in advance, just in case of the ominous words “Sorry, dear—we haven’t it in stock but we can get it for you in a couple of days.” For here, as in the timeless mystery of the Orient, “a couple of days” means at least ten. When we first came here we used to go on safari to the West End and return laden with cumin, banya, or ravioli. Now somehow it seems to take too long, and, after all, joint with two veg. is very nice.

But it is not only the exotic which is



difficult. The other day we were searching for a yard of green baize and some heavy sewing thread. We were sent, gaily and with a kind of sadistic good will, from shop to shop in street after street, to be told the same thing—"No—we're always being asked for it, but we don't keep it, dear!" It is always this curious reason—odd as that of the three stationers who for weeks, as if in collusion, were denuded of black carbon paper. They had blue carbon paper and purple carbon paper, but not black. "Sorry," they all said. "You see, there's more demand for the black, like, so it goes quicker." Almost we regret the passing of that magic post-war phrase "in short supply." It was somehow so much more explanatory.

Nor are these the only snags. We have fought like tigers against getting caught up ideologically or politically, but in a place so determinedly friendly, all-one-happy-familyish as this, personal tie-ups are inevitable. And with personal friendships seem to go personal enmities. The Blanks don't speak to the Dashes because years ago Mrs. Dash alienated the affections of the Blanks' jobbing gardener—how can we rationalize our affection for both? And the question of Moira and Nigel is more serious. They live round the corner, energetic, intelligentsia-ish young people with a large, underprivileged-looking family. Everyone likes both of them, and everybody tries not to mention out loud that Nigel treats his wife in a far from conventional way, just because Nigel is charming and his wife seems to adore him. Nigel has girl friends—Nigel likes to spend his holidays inching his way, attached only by eyelashes, across fearsome precipices, leaving his family at home: he says he can't afford life insurance, too, and never leaves an address when he goes away because he doesn't like to feel tied. As Moira once told us, in an amused maternal way, when the babies arrived Nigel always went abroad so as to be right away from all that fuss and bother. On the few occasions when Moira is obviously a little cheesed-off with Nigel all the neighbourhood is very careful not to take sides, and to soothe Moira with statements that all husbands have their drawbacks and think how charming Nigel is.

Recently Nigel told Moira that he was getting bogged down in domesticity,

that he and Moira no longer had anything in common, that he was, in short, going off with a mountaineering girl friend. "Nobody's fault, old girl," as he put it in a telling phrase, "just one of those things." To the amazement of the neighbourhood Moira at once started divorcing him. She also began to let down her hair about Nigel, and things seeming to be pretty final, the neighbourhood let down its hair back, and we all had a happy time telling Moira we'd always thought Nigel was impossible. We heartily congratulated her on jettisoning him once and for all—and, as we put it in our practical way, when she was still attractive enough to pick up somebody else.

Then, to everybody's horror, Moira and Nigel made it up. Nigel took out a life insurance and a summer cottage in Devon, and everything looked wonderful. Except that the entire



neighbourhood is unable to look either Moira or Nigel in the face, horribly aware that she knows that we know that she knows exactly what we think about Nigel, and that she has certainly in her hair-letting-down phase told Nigel too. In the depths of the heartless metropolis we could probably avoid meeting them. Here? Well, it will probably blow over in time.

DIANA and MEIR GIBLON

"When the debutante season has lost its glow, when the frothy dresses are limp and the champagne flat, what does an ex-debutante do for excitement? The answer from 24-year-old Cherry Cresswell-Turner is: Get a bush hat, a pair of jodhpurs, a Punch-and-Judy theatre, buy a mule, and tour Portugal for three months."

Evening Standard

And fight that "Haven't I done this already?" feeling.



## The Girl on the Santa Lucia

By ANTHONY CARSON

I HAD just arrived in Naples and decided to stay in an hotel on the sea front where I had formerly acted as travel agency courier, pushing tourists through cathedrals and museums and squeezing them out of grottoes. Although it was winter the night of my arrival was tenderly spun with moonlight and I could hear the old wheedling Neapolitan songs echo from the little port of Santa Lucia. After dining in the restaurant I was strolling through the reception hall when I was approached by a young, frank man in a well-cut blue suit.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "I represent a Roman illustrated magazine, the *Tevere*. Would you kindly give us your views on the Italian Woman?"

I looked at him in amazement. Why me? I was not a deposed monarch, a film-star or an American.

"I have been told you are a writer," said the frank reporter, "and I would like to include you in the series we are running on the Women of Italy. Would you be kind enough to give us a few of your impressions and experiences

and specify by what measurements and other anatomical advantages the Italian Woman surpasses those of other natives?"

"But I have only just arrived," I said.

"In that case," said the reporter, "I trust you would not object if I have you photographed with a model on Santa Lucia."

"I would not," I said eagerly.

"To-morrow at twelve then," said the reporter. "A photographer will call on you at the hotel."

The next day started with a thunderstorm and blew up to a high wind. The bay shivered in fury and Vesuvius frowned like an old man in a grey cloak. I waited, also shivering, in the reception hall and was approached by a plump man with a camera, who had the universal face, like a rubber ball, of the press photographer and was accompanied by a charming dark girl dressed in muslin and holding a parasol. "This is Sylvana," said the photographer. "She is not dressed exactly right for a day like this, but you see it always has to be summer for the foreign idea of the

Italian girl. Let us leave for Santa Lucia." After five minutes' walk we arrived at the mock port, crammed with film-set restaurants and haunted by touts, and sat down at a café.

"The idea is," said the photographer, "that you look approvingly at this girl as she passes by and I take your picture."

"Only too easy," I said.

"Thank you," said Sylvana, who understood a little English, "but please don't whistle."

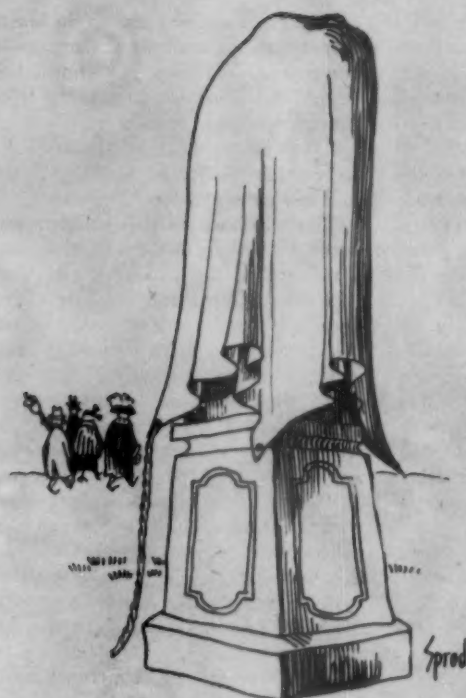
She walked up and down and I looked at her, and the photographer took pictures. She was very pretty. Suddenly, absurdly and deliciously she flowered into the Italian woman, and I was in love for the forty-third time. The third time she walked by we were suddenly joined by a horse.

"Go away," shouted the photographer to the horse.

"Let's have him in the picture," cried Sylvana. "His sister makes my underclothes for me."

The horse, who appeared very tall and noble, was actually a small, sad man wearing a horse's head and selling





lottery tickets. I bought one for four hundred lire. "You can win fifty million lire," said Sylvana, "in March." A small white dog pattered past us, and suddenly the horse, in its one successful moment, bowed down to the dog and sent it away in a panic of backward yellow eyes.

When the photographer had finished his work I asked Sylvana to lunch with me. "Don't say anything about it now," said Sylvana in English. "Wait until he's gone. These people have a thousand mouths." Five minutes later we entered one of the restaurants which faced the green pearly water of the minute harbour. Apparently a wedding feast was going on. At least a hundred men and women were seated at a long table making toasts to each other, and a six-piece orchestra was wading through a Neapolitan song. The voice of the singer was hot and gold with passion, but his eyes were raking the table for tips, and the wedding guests were arguing over the bill.

"Are you a film-star?" asked Sylvana. "You look like Gary Cooper." I told her I was a writer. "In that case we will eat spaghetti," she said with a sigh. When we arrived at the coffee we lit

cigarettes and watched a boat sailing up and down the harbour. "Would you like to be my friend?" asked Sylvana suddenly, leaning over the table.

"Your friend . . . ?" I said.

"Yes," she said, with a sudden pleading in her eyes. "I have no friends. I have my affidanzato. He is in Sardinia."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He is a bandit," she said simply.

"Oh," I said.

"He is insanely jealous and stabs people all the time."

"Oh," I said.

"He suddenly appears," she said.

"I see," I said.

"It is impossible for a girl like me to have friends in Naples. The women want to scratch my eyes out. As for the men, you have to call the fire-brigade. Now you could be my friend because you are

English. My affidanzato speaks English and has been to London."

"Did he stab anyone in London?" I asked.

"No," replied Sylvana, "when he came back I tried to stab him. He told me about an English girl called Deezy."

"Daisy," I said.

"So you could be my friend. Where are you staying?"

"In the Hotel Pompeii," I said.

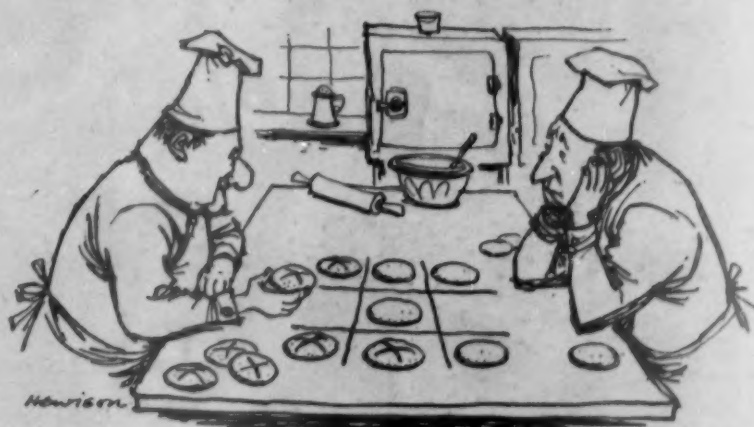
"The Hotel Pompeii? But that's absurd if you are not a film-star. Why not come and live in my pensione near the Via Roma?" She waved good-bye to the horse. "It is very cheap and they will do your washing free."

The next day I moved into the pensione. It was at the top of a very high building where, for some reason or other, they were repairing the stairs, and you had to climb over workmen in masks, shrouded in dust. Sylvana was waiting for me and introduced me to the Signora. "Please forgive the stairs," she said. "The work will be finished in a little month." In most of Italy a little month means about three months, but in Naples it means six months to a year. I met the other guests of the pensione. There was a young lady tailor, a male Monarchist, a female variety artist and a dumpy lady from Calabria who was always bursting into tears. The Signora also had a daughter of nine called Carlotta, who was learning her verbs. "You can learn them with her," said the Signora rather unkindly.

The pensione was extremely clean and had a bathroom with a bath of the Garibaldi period, in which one sat on a marble throne and dabbled in a saucepan full of hot water. After the bath I joined Sylvana for breakfast, and she got to work on a scarf she was knitting. "You must never tell my affidanzato I knitted this for you," she said.

"I promise you I won't," I said.

Sylvana was twenty-one years old



and had only lately arrived from her mother's home in Bari. She dressed with the charming spontaneous brilliance of nearly every Italian girl, but had a childish passion for tin boxes. "Come and see them," she said, taking my hand and pulling me into the room which she shared with the lady tailor. "This is for my jewellery. This is for make-up. This is for toilet articles. And this is for letters from my affidanzato." She showed me the letters and one of them appeared to be stained with blood. I then looked at the boxes and up at the charming fashionably dressed girl. One of the boxes was an emptied box of sweets with a picture of Vesuvius and, in the foreground, a lady in a pink bow-bonnet, and another advertised smart Milanese cough lozenges. "If you come across a tin . . ." she hinted.

"But I have a tin," I said, in the tone

of a man who is able to offer a girl a smart apartment near the Piazza Plebiscito. It was a tin which I had bought in London, and which had contained glucose acid drops, at a time when I had believed glucose was the solution to vile weather and indecision. On the lid were strawberries, lemons, cherries, damsons and gooseberries. "This is sheer loveliness," cried Sylvana, "and into it I will immediately transfer the letters of my affidanzato."

That afternoon we went to a cinema with which was also combined a music-hall. The film was a Western and contained Red Indians. Although it was dubbed into Italian, conversations between the Red Indians were retained in their original language, and every time this occurred Sylvana asked me to translate.

"But it's Red Indian," I said.

"Never mind," she ordered, "translate it."

There was nothing else to do but to invent dialogue until the Italian version reappeared. Before the music-hall started Sylvana piloted me to the front row of the stalls.

"Why are we moving?" I asked.

"So that you can see their legs," she said in a surprised voice.

The telephone in the pensione was never still. Many of the calls were from a man called the Unknown and were shared by Sylvana and the lady tailor. Somehow the Unknown had acquired the pensione telephone number and imagined he was always talking to the same girl. After long torrid conversations, into which Sylvana poured all her art and flame, the maddened Unknown was given rendezvous in Sorrento, Castellammare and Positano. Once, after waiting for three hours, he rang from a policeman's cabin on top of Vesuvius. But one day the telephone rang and Sylvana ran to it like a clairvoyant and cried "Giulio . . . Giulio" with the voice of a bird.

After hearing the conversation I transferred my affections to the lady tailor, who was dark, secretively seductive and was able to say "Kiss me." "O.K., Honey, let's go." She didn't know what the last phrase meant.

One day when the pensione was empty Sylvana accosted me furiously. "What do you mean by behaving like this?" she cried. "It's disgusting. Am I nothing to you?" I looked at her angry, lovely face and remembered how Italy had slipped into my heart and out again. She was suddenly crying. "A lady tailor," she sobbed. "It's unthinkable, and you have your picture in the paper." At that moment I took her in my arms, and then the door opened. A thick-set man slipped in and stood there looking at us. "Giulio," cried Sylvana, "this is my English friend. He is comforting me . . ." As I left the pensione I could hear her crying and saying "Deezy" over and over again.

Five minutes later I ran into the journalist of the *Tevere* who had visited me at the Hotel Pompeii. "I have been looking for you everywhere," he said. "The photographs were splendid. Now I've got to get this interview from you about the Italian Woman. As you've only just arrived in Italy we'll go around to where you are staying and invent something."





**I** THINK I shall buy a tie in an arcade.

The window, bright with cuff-links, handkerchief sprays, suspenders like decorations, catches reflections of sun and cloud.

Painters sing on ladders, and the plumber, having mended his last burst pipe, takes his bag and his boy on wandering bus journeys.

Eiderdown has been whisked away; the pale new chestnut leaves lift like parasols.

A dog bites his tail, cats grow thin and wild, tugs hoot on the river, spiders come up through the hole in the bath, ant leads aphids to a pasture of rose leaves, and there are strange disturbances on the Stock Exchange.

The politician smilingly sniffs his lie.

Poetry—bad poetry—wells up:

*The April winds are magical  
And thrill our tuneful frames;  
The garden walks are passionate  
To bachelors and dames.*

Emerson

Cherry and almond, those *jeunes filles en fleur* of the suburb, snatch the heart as though for the first time.

The lily toils—there are such difficult



times ahead!—and the peacock makes eyes.

I shall choose a tie.

But how adorn myself when I'm not at all sure what that self is? A few weeks ago I stepped out to a fancy-dress ball as a picador: bold fancy, and I can't dance either. I have tried at times in all earnestness being a cricketer, a Home Guard, Pechorin, a retired major, a chess fiend.

I envy those who have inherited or arrived at the one uniform that suits them. A bishop takes both hands to a bus, a Salvation Army lass makes the round of regrets in a pub, each looking just as he or she ought for the occasion. Shoe-boy's scarlet blooms as naturally from the pavement as the pillar-box's. The young City man flaunting a "British warm" and a bowler tipped forward is no ranker. Slip-slopping girls in duffel and trews don't call up husbands in insurance. And the tart who couldn't paint herself with the ferocity of Hogarth would earn general scorn.

Confusion must be avoided. Woe to the waiter who, even to the most fuddled apprehension, should appear a gentleman; and cinema commissionaires should not—quite—be mistaken for South American presidents. The thrill of encountering the man-about-town—that most elusive figure, recognizable in certain streets by his pink cheeks and fish eyes and a charmed non-attachment to things—may be tempered by doubts whether he isn't, in point of fact, an actor.

Possibly they're all actors, the waitress balancing plates, the cat catching a mouse, the poplar turning pale under a thunder-cloud, and only I lack this most necessary gift; which I put down to having, as a schoolboy, travelled to and fro by Tube wearing a top-hat.

Women and royalty, soldiers, sportsmen—how fantastic can be the sportsman got up to kill! Did you ever, on a snow-bound morning, meet gentlemen in sheets? They'd be after pigeons. And I dare say, if you waited, you'd find their wives after them. I must admit I've only enjoyed reading about them, in the Badminton Library; but otter-hunters I have both seen and touched.

One of the most curious days of my life was spent in their company. It

met, the Hotterunt (so called by the old farmer who took me), at a little pub by a bridge. While it awaited the van bringing the hounds it drank ale, and the Master, aged seventy-five, leaning his hands on a tall stick notched with all the kills he had witnessed, cheered us on. Heu gaze!

The van did turn up in the end. Its doors opened; out poured, lolloped, flopped a villainous crew, mostly fox-hounds too old or too young. We weren't much better, but at least we were merry, and two of us fell at once in the water. We crossed and re-crossed that stream, got tangled in willows, tore ourselves on barbed wire, pursued every maundering loop and dribble; and the Master leaned his chin on his stick, immovable, like a wise general, at the heart of things.

Of course, we never set eyes on an otter. It rained. Rabbits ran through the pack. "Whoop, tally-ho," came in an unceasing murmur from the Master's daughter, dangling a fag and caring nothing for five-barred gates, "whoop, tally-ho, my lads, tally-ho"; while the plump gentleman ahead made a fine show of restraint with his "Keep back there, you hahnds." After five hours and ten miles or so we clattered on to a road, stood awhile slowing up cars and buses, and then dispersed, leaving the pack (or the remains of it) to their van, which had broken down again.

No otter; but what did that signify to men who had managed to get themselves drenched in pale-blue caps, pale-blue coats with brass buttons and knee-breeches of the same hue, woollen stockings and brown shoes? The

Master, a bull-fighter strayed into the wrong colour scheme, seemed really at home.

Now he will be enjoying or planning his first meet of the season. Pale blue will seek its answering sky. Heu gaze! Strange the magic introduced into tucked-away lives by the death of a fierce, playful little animal no bigger than a hearth-brush!

Between Boat Race Saturday and early net practice I love to catch the stir along sapling-planted arterials, in recreation grounds. Bicyclists—boys and girls—whirr past, round and round. Children ride down a chute in an endless enjoyment belt, repetition being one of the joys of childhood. Of advancing years too. See the bowlers on their fresh green, soft footed, with a delivery and a pose, under the spell of that constellation they're making or breaking. A dog yaps. A nursemaid reads a love-story, an aeroplane snails up the blue. Old men stare and smoke, women with shopping bags halt, a park-keeper has wandered in out of some old-fashioned tale . . .

And there's treachery abroad! Tulips and flu, lifts overshooting floors, owl shrieks, new springs in mattresses, lights in pin-table saloons waking the sluggish soul to blackmail, un-Greek exercises before window or mirror, hatless postmen, chattering typewriters, nuns in full sail, Mr. Hannen Swaffer walking the Strand (a fine dresser-up, he!), and . . . cuckoo! cuckoo! . . . aren't we all, rather?

G. W. STONIER



### Holiday Talk

**T**HERE'S no-where like Britain. This other Eden is the ideal holiday resort. Open the pages of any transatlantic magazine and see what we have to offer—tweedy, aromatic moors dotted with welcoming white-washed cottages; wonderful inns; fast, efficient and incredibly cheap railways; exciting hotels (a breath of history hits you on every landing); commercial TV (coming shortly); a car-hire system that really "saves money," and the chance to buy tax-free goods of incomparable style and quality.

No wonder the foreigners come to Britain. No wonder our receipts from international tourism are the highest in Europe, higher, at 246 million dollars (1953), than those of France, Italy or Switzerland. And no wonder investors are beginning to think pretty hard about the possibilities inherent in the "Come to Britain" boom.

American tourism is easily the largest single dollar earner for Europe as a whole. In 1953 some 376,000 Americans visited Europe, and their total spending has been estimated at 475 million. But these figures might well be doubled: with U.S. incomes at their present level something like 700,000 Americans might well afford a transatlantic holiday each year.

Britain has all the attractions needed to cater for such an invasion, but not nearly enough physical amenities and hotel accommodation. If this tourist industry is to expand it must receive copious injections of new capital. At present we try to disguise the defects of our railway system by granting tourists cheap "season" tickets, to hide the dreariness of many of our hotels by stressing the reasonableness of their terms ("The fact is, thanks in part to the favourable rate of exchange, British prices to-day are staggeringly low by American standards"), and to screen the catering trade's black spots of shiftlessness and indifference by emphasizing our national serenity of character ("Good-tempered. Restful and, somehow, reassuring").

We need many more hotels, with



additional accommodation for at least 200,000 travellers, and unfortunately the queue for new building is already long.

But the chief obstacle to catering rehabilitation is uncertainty about the future level of prosperity in North America. No trade feels the chill wind of penury, when it blows, so quickly and so decisively as tourism. Fine hotels equipped with TV in every bedroom become expensive white elephants overnight, the Gifte Shoppes put up their shutters, and the association of guides to the ruins takes shelter under the wing of public assistance. At present there seems little chance of any significant economic recession, and the airways are budgeting for a vast and continuing increase in travel to and from Britain. Instalment-plan air travel

has already reported good business. B.E.A., which operates its scheme in conjunction with United Dominions Trust, is notching bookings at the rate of about £100,000 a year, and B.O.A.C., whose scheme is financed by Elm Travel, a company managed by the Mercantile Credit Co., is making similar progress.

Tourism offers undoubted opportunities for the shrewd investor. There is not, to be sure, much scope for profitable investment with British Railways or the Hotels Executive. Nor, on a more serious note, would one recommend anything but the most cagy evaluation of the Ordinary shares listed under "Hotels, Catering," but a knowledge of local attractions and provincial markets can prove most useful and gainful equipment. **MAMMON**



### Free for All

**O**NCE upon a time, my children, many years ago, before our great Conservative Government established our free Socialist State, this island suffered under the tyranny of a race of giants called Landlords—or more precisely, Absentee Landlords. Now the landlords were like the Barons: all bad. They wore riding boots, pink coats and top hats. They owned all our farms but lived in the South of France where they ate nothing but caviar and oysters and drank champagne out of each others' Wellingtons, I mean riding boots. And—can you believe it, my children?—in those ancient times the wicked landlords not merely owned our farms, they had the right to say who should occupy them. They were so powerful that they could evict a tenant by just giving him a year's notice and repaying a year's rent. And they could take this high-handed action for no better reason than that the farmer was not paying enough rent or not farming well.

Then along came St. Clement mounted on a charger called Winston and banished the landlords all to Biarritz, leaving them no rights but the obligation to pay taxes, tithes and

repair bills. And at the island of Runnymede the farmers of England were given a new Charter called the Agricultural Act. Now, under its protection, we live in complete *Security of Tenure*, enjoying what others inherit, occupying what they own, neither fearing their censure nor caring a fig when they issue a Notice to Quit.

Here endeth the first Fairy Tale and Here beginneth the second.

Once upon a time, at least ten years ago, when the farmers had overcome their enemies the landlords and achieved *Security of Tenure*, they could decide whom they employed. In those days, if a milker milked badly they could sack him. If a ploughman ploughed badly they could fire him. Of course such absolute power went to the farmers' heads, and they were known to take a job away from a man at a week's notice and with a mere week's pay! In those bad days, you must understand, a great bane lay over the country, called a Pool of Unemployment.

But fortunately for you, my children, along came St. Aneurin, mounted on a horse called Anthony, who took away the farmers' powers and gave *Security of Labour* to all noble workers. And we now live in a land where nobody owns and nobody cares and everybody's doing the minimum of work for the maximum of pay. And nobody dare sack you or they have to do the job themselves. Everybody's equal, the oaf takes all. No wonder you are grinning, O my children . . .

**RONALD DUNCAN**



### Monday, March 28

With no publicity in the evening papers to look forward to, Members

House of Commons:  
Lives of Great Men

were remarkably sparing of supplementary questions, and the Solicitor-General and Mr. MARPLES of the Ministry of Pensions, whose turns came up earlier than they had expected, only just got to their places in time. The first item of business was for the Prime Minister, and when questions were finished Sir WINSTON's place on the front bench was still empty. But stay: Sir ANTHONY was there, his thumbs in his waistcoat, his face beaming. Could it be that, while the newspaper strike kept the public in ignorance, he had become the Prime Minister?

Sir WINSTON arrived, shattering the dream, as Mr. NUTTING was giving his account of Mr. Gromyko's perfidy in "leaking" his inaccurate reports of the disarmament conference exclusively to Tass. When Sir WALTER MONCKTON had reported on the newspaper situation, he rose amid cheers to propose that the House should consider the erection of a monument to the late Earl LLOYD-GEORGE. The Chamber was bestrewn with Churchills and Lloyd-Georges: Lady Churchill, and Mr. Randolph Churchill, and Master Winston, Junior, and a couple of née-Churchills; and Major Gwilym Lloyd-George, and Lady Megan Lloyd-George, and one who seemed at first to be the great Earl Lloyd-George himself, sitting just behind the Peers in the Strangers Gallery, though closer examination revealed him as no more than a *Doppelgänger*. In spite of all this stimulus, the Prime Minister reached no great oratorical height. He

was followed by Mr. ATTLEE and, deputizing for the invalid Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, Mr. GRIMOND; Mr. DAVID GRENFELL, father of the House, paid a tribute to his old leader with a Welsh tag; and Mr. JOHN PARKER tried to start an argument about whether the monument should be in the Palace of Westminster or in Parliament Square.

The House then resumed its consideration of the Horror Comics Bill. There were still thirty-two amendments to be discussed, with Mr. ROY JENKINS's name on more than half of them, and much was still to be done when the available time was finished. New developments included the fury shown by Mr. KEENAN against publishers in general; Mr. JENKINS's intellectual bodyguard (Messrs. WYATT and ANTHONY CROSLAND, who normally appears in the House only on and about Budget Day); and Mr. REES-DAVIES's velvet-collared Teddy-boy suit.

Having moved to report progress on this Bill—a charming Parliamentary periphrasis indicating that so little progress has been made that extra time must be found—the House went on to the business of merging the Minister of Food (Mr. HEATHCOAT AMORY) into the Minister of Agriculture (Mr. HEATHCOAT AMORY), a procedure not greatly to the Opposition's liking, in spite of the creamy joviality with which Mr. CROOKSHANK commended it.

### Tuesday, March 29

Questions again passed like a flash. It can, of course, have been no more than a coincidence that Mr. DODDS, whose inquiries so often earn him a paragraph in the

House of Commons:  
Home Office Solidarity

evening papers, switched his attention to the housing problem in Gibraltar, where the Electrical Trades Union have not yet discovered the hardships of living on sixteen pounds a week.

Mr. WARBEY asked the Prime Minister if he would propose a four-power conference while he himself could still take part in it. Sir WINSTON, smiling for the only time of the afternoon, replied "Sir, the future is veiled in mystery."

There was a debate in the afternoon on the Crofters (Scotland) Bill, which naturally attracted none but Scottish Members (the character of Scottish debates is the most cogent argument imaginable for Scottish Home Rule); and then came the Horrors again. Right up to the end of the committee stage (which happened at about half-past nine) Mr. ROY JENKINS continued his efforts to turn the Government's Bill into his own, even to the extent of proposing a new clause under which the disseminators of horror-comics could in their defence call evidence of the religious, moral, legal, artistic, scientific, literary or educational merit of their products.

However, Mr. EDE, a fully-paid-up Member of the Home Secretaries' Union, did his best for the Government by speaking against almost every amendment to originate behind him, much to Mr. JENKINS's grief and Mr. FOOT's.

### Wednesday, March 30

Sir ANTHONY EDEN's announcement to the House that the United Kingdom had acceded to the Turco-Iraqi pact, and had concluded a mutual defence agreement with Iraq (on the kind of terms that would

House of Commons:  
Middle Eastern Entente



so have horrified the Foreign Secretary if the nations concerned had been Russia and, say Rumania) stimulated all those Members who keep pets in the Middle East. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON wanted to be reassured about the position of Israel. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON worried about the Assyrian Christians in Iraq. Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN worried about Israel again. Mr. DE FREITAS worried about the Iraq Levies. Mr. GOUGH, quite obscurely, worried about the independence of Kuwait. The fact that Sir ANTHONY had, in his long and detailed statement, explicitly stated what attitude the Government was taking about all these matters (except Kuwait, of course, which was not really concerned at all) was not enough; it had to go on record that the Opposition had raised them, so that if any trouble should arise later they would be in a position to say "I told you so."

As always when housing is concerned, the Requisitioned Houses Bill, recommended from the Standing Committee, raised a deal of excitement, chiefly among those Members who sit for the more crowded parts of London. Mr. SANDYS was taunted with bureaucratic oppression, with thinking that the Committee was the Crazy Gang (an easy

mistake to make), and with believing that Finsbury Park was in Finsbury. On our side, said Mr. LINDGREN, with our experience of local government, we represent the people; you can only field a lot of lawyers who represent the landlords. The breath of Mr. MITCHISON, Q.C., was hot on the back of his neck: "of course," he admitted ruefully, "we have some lawyers too."

#### Thursday, March 31

"Is the Minister aware," boomed Colonel LIPTON at Miss HORNSBY-SMITH, "that there are far too many cases where good men are pushed out of their jobs merely on account of age, when they are quite capable of carrying on with them?" The Prime Minister grinned happily at him through the laughter and cheers with which the Opposition pointed this observation.

Mr. MAUDLING announced with evident relish the details of the Government's trade and payments agreement with the Argentine, and the House then turned its attention to conditions of service in the police force, a matter which for some reason seemed to cause much more concern among the Opposition than the Government. (But at least Mr. DRIBERG had no cases of aggrieved policemen to bring before the House.) This is one of Mrs. BRADDOCK's favourite subjects, and she showed much understanding of why the policeman's lot was not a happy one. Her attitude to the Force must have softened a lot since the days when she claimed to be a founder-member of the British Communist Party. The Home Secretary, replying to the debate, was unable to offer any very cheerful thoughts about police recruiting. Perhaps the best solution to the trouble would be to start at the other end and reduce the number of crimes.



Mr. Chuter Ede  
Major Gwilym Lloyd-George

#### Friday, April 1

The present Government has achieved a certain reputation for its disinclination to accept the recommendations of committees, so it was fair enough that Mr. HAROLD DAVIES should incorporate the recommendations of the Gowers Committee (which was set up in 1946 and made its report in March 1949, so far without effect) in a Private Member's Bill. The bill, sound in aim if a little inadequate in drawing, was admirably expounded at its second reading by Mr. DAVIES and by Mrs. JEGGER, who described herself as the Member for Euston, King's Cross and St. Pancras.

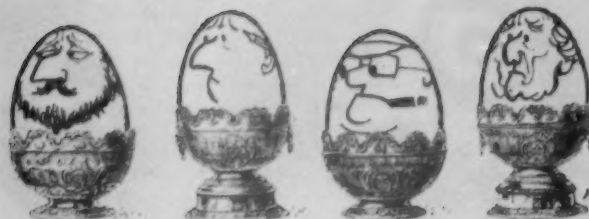
The debate that followed tried hard to keep away from party strife, but in any measure designed to require employers to spend money on the safety or comfort of their employees, it is inevitable that faction, or at any rate self-satisfaction, must intrude from time to time.

The Government was not disposed to accept the bill as it stood, but gave an assurance that it would introduce equivalent legislation one day on its own initiative.

B. A. YOUNG



# CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE Gods and Goddesses

**The Greek Myths.** Robert Graves. 2 vols.  
Penguin Books, 3/6 each

IT is over a century and a half since Lemprière's original *Classical Dictionary*, and Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Mythology* appeared as long ago as 1844. Since then there have been various selections that have retold the stories of the gods and heroes of Greece, but Mr. Robert Graves is the first English writer in recent years to reproduce the whole panorama of mythology in up-to-date terms; together with notes on authorities and probable derivation of the individual myths. It is all done in the neatest and most economical manner, with an excellent index of personal names, giving their meaning, when known, in English.

The part that Greek mythology plays in European literature, and, accordingly, the manner in which every one of us looks at life, is so tremendous that its influence is quite impossible to estimate. True, as Mr. Graves points out, the average person nowadays would perhaps not be able to quote chapter and verse about "Pelops, Dædalus, Ceneone, Laocoön, or Antigone," but one has only to read, for example, any African folklore to feel its remoteness in comparison with the Greek stories, however savage and primitive in form these may be.

In what does their peculiar power reside? Mr. Graves takes the line—admitting that he will undoubtedly stir up much disagreement—that the Greek myths largely represent the change over from a matriarchal community, worshipping the Great Goddess, to a patriarchal community, worshipping Zeus. That summary is, of course, a gross oversimplification of a number of infinitely complicated theories which he examines, but it does serve to indicate his general approach, which is based on the assumption that real people and real events are almost always being described.

Sometimes the lives of characters like Heracles or Teiresias span several generations, because they are titles rather than the names of particular

heroes. Sometimes, so he explains, the peculiarities of a given story arose from the later misunderstanding of an ikon representing some perhaps quite simple episode, e.g. "the so-called 'Judgement of Paris,' where a hero is called upon to decide between the rival charms of three goddesses and awards his apple of fame to the fairest, records an ancient ritual situation, out-grown by the time of

Departed may be a solemn and attractive conception, but Paris having to make his appalling decision (with its disastrous consequences) is so real a social situation that it may be said to have changed not at all in five thousand years—or whatever would be a reasonable date to give it in the circumstances.

Naturally, taking the line he does, Mr. Graves does not approve of Freudian or Jungian interpretations of the myths. Even Oedipus is dethroned by him from his psychoanalytical kingdom. But the fact remains that the Oedipus situation does express in dramatic and impressive terms a tangle of human relationships that, to put it at its mildest, give plenty of food for thought. Like Paris and the apple, the psychological implications seem to me far more interesting than the possibility that Oedipus was "a thirteenth-century invader of Thebes who suppressed the old Minoan cult of the goddess and reformed the calendar." And I strongly suspect that the psychological side of the story was more interesting to its author, too.

On one side the myths reach out to the Hittites and Babylonians, on the other to the Welsh and Irish. It is all of absorbing interest, and the narrative side admirably expressed.

ANTHONY POWELL



Homer and Hesiod. These three goddesses are one goddess in triad: Athene the maiden, Aphrodite the nymph, and Hera the crone—and Aphrodite is presenting Paris with the apple, rather than receiving it from him. This apple, symbolizing her love bought at the price of his life, will be Paris's passport to the Elysian Fields, the apple orchards of the west, to which only the souls of heroes are admitted."

Now this is all very well, and certainly I am in no position to argue with Mr. Graves about his reasons for attributing this—and many other myths—to someone misinterpreting, perhaps deliberately, a sacred picture or dramatic rite. No doubt his explanation is absolutely just. However, the point seems to lie finally in the colossal aptitude as well as the poetic beauty of the stories in the form in which they eventually emerge. Paris as a hero being received formally into a World of the

## Classical Detection

**Exit Charlie.** Alex Atkinson. Peter Davies, 10/6d

All Next Week showed Mr. Atkinson's knowledge of the Repertory Theatre: *Punch* readers may remember that his earlier contributions were mainly on the same subject. Now he has used "Rep" as the background of a well-made and very readable detective novel. One advantage that the dramatist has when he turns to fiction is that he can devise and connect scenes. He does not slow down the movement with slabs of undramatic description or soliloquy. The surroundings of the action are described unobtrusively and the description works with the narrative, not against it.

*Exit Charlie* has many of the merits

of the classical English detective story, careful plotting, fair dealing and a surprising ending; but it is strong where the school of Crofts and Rhode and Connington was weak. Motive and means arise out of milieu. Things happened as they did largely because the people and their environment were as they were. One can imagine a sequel without detection, perhaps the best test of a good detective novel.

R. G. G. P.

**Last Innocence.** Célia Bertin. (Translated by Marjorie Deans.) *Gollancz*, 12/6

In her house overlooking the Mediterranean, Brigitte Touray, wealthy, egotistical, golden-eyed widow of a distinguished poet, is preparing a mendacious biography of her husband, whose "unedited" love-poems (inspired by a Swedish-Bretonne mistress) she plans to suppress. One, adolescent, daughter has already committed suicide by defenestration; another, the voluptuous Maia, also kills herself after her husband Etienne (a supremely dull dog whom Mme. Touray attempts, abortively, to captivate) becomes enamoured of her younger sister, the loutish intransigent Paule, a Lesbian apriarist.

To readers unendowed with feminine sensibility it may seem that Paule (though presented as a sympathetic character) is the real cause of dissension, rather than her mother's intrigues; despite the protagonists' tireless attempts to analyze their own, and others', motives (usually expressed in query form: the prose is peppered with question-marks), their problems remain unsatisfactorily resolved. The award of the Prix Renaudot, and the praise accorded to the novel by French critics, imply a return to the outward academic tradition of the *roman psychologique*.

J. M.-R.

**Collected Poems.** Stephen Spender. *Faber*, 15/-

These collected (or, really, selected) poems bear witness to decades of struggle between the poet Stephen Spender and Mr. Spender the critic. Stephen Spender the poet has written many beautiful poems, lyrical and graceful. He writes best with his eye firmly fixed upon himself. The agonizing determination to be completely honest in a personal sense makes some of his finest poems, like those in the "Love and Separation" series here, positively painful to read. Mr. Spender the critic distrusts both raptures and agonies, and is for ever trying to sharpen and toughen a poetic talent essentially delicate and gentle. He is responsible for passages, and even whole poems, of deliberate awkwardness.

He has been tampering with some poems here, and upon the whole his alterations are not improvements. He has haunted all Stephen Spender's work, except the unquestioning statements of the early poems. Yet it would be pointless to wish that he did not exist. He is part of what Stephen Spender the poet

has become, and if those early poems promised something which has never been achieved, there is a different kind of virtue in the struggle for self-knowledge, the distrust of easy gestures and facile verse, that is Stephen Spender's hallmark as a writer.

J. S.

**Renaissance Diplomacy.** Garrett Mattingly. *Cape*, 25/-

A resident ambassador, Wotton remarked, is "a man sent to tell lies abroad for his country's good." The definition might be applied to many Renaissance diplomats. If their salary was sometimes meagre (one Englishman received only 4s. 2d. a day), their bribes were considerable ("to the person who gave me copies of the treaties of Gravelines from the English archives, 1200 reals"). Their industry was remarkable, witness the Venetian envoy who amassed four hundred and seventy-two dispatches in a year; their urbanity was delightful (Gondomar coded the Stuart Court according to classical mythology), and their ingenuity demands our constant admiration.

Mr. Mattingly himself lacks ambassadorial charm; the more general parts of his survey are heavy reading and closely resemble a thesis. Yet with Renaissance thoroughness he builds up an impressive picture of the diplomat at work, and it is quite a relief to learn that counter-spies, too, were awake: that "not a mouse could creep out of any ambassador's chamber but Mr. Secretary Walsingham would have one of his whiskers."

J. R.

**Mediterraneo.** Chapman Mortimer. *Cresset Press*, 12/6

Spread over *Mediterraneo* as economically as the fishpaste in a railway sandwich is the material for a rather good short story about a cowardly young Spanish gipsy shrinking Hamlet-like from the act of avenging his murdered brother. All sorts of expedients are used to pad this out into a novel. Antonio, the gipsy, preferring exterior duologue to interior monologue, carries on ceaseless conversations with himself. Inanimate objects speak in tiny voices. Most mysterious of all, three characters on a liner, characters Olympian in their detachment from the main story, chatter fatuously among themselves in a vain attempt to become involved.

It is very tiresome and confusing, and the more infuriating for the obvious mastery which Mr. Mortimer shows in his writing. If only he would cut loose from his reputation for being "interesting" and "original" he could clearly write novels far better than this one.

B. A. Y.

**Best S. F.** Edited by Edmund Crispin. *Faber*, 15/-

The initials mean "Science Fiction," and that means that these fourteen short stories deal chiefly with life on other



Hollywood

"Billy Graham certainly did something for your coffee at ten to eight last week."

planets, though Philip Latham's *The XI Effect* offers a new theory about the end of this one. The selection proves that the good short story writer—and most of these are very good—makes his mark with situation and characterization, and the fact that the settings are governed by a vogue doesn't do anything for or against the stories as stories.

Had Somerset Maugham cared to set a story on Mars it might well have turned out to be *The Dumb Martian* (John Wyndham). There is a Chestertonian flavour in Ray Bradbury's *The Fire Balloons*, in which a small but determined priest, sent to Mars to cure the souls of earthmen working there, turns instead to the problem of evangelizing the Martians themselves, even though they are only "blue globes of light." But the quality common to all the contributors is that of making the incredible credible.

J. B. B.

**Take These Men.** Cyril Joly. *Constable*, 15/-

It is difficult to imagine how anyone could relate the history of the advances and retreats of our armies in North Africa from August 1940 to the Battle of Alamein and eventual victory at Tunis without making it a rather monotonous repetition of tank warfare and desert battle tactics. Cyril Joly has not really overcome this difficulty, although he alleviates it by interspersing the book with the thoughts of the troops as they go into battle, the abominable living conditions which must have taxed their endurance to the fullest extent and evidence of an amazing tenacious spirit in the face of a ruthless enemy. The book is written as the experiences of an

#### KENNETH BEAUCHAMP

We record with regret the death of Kenneth Beauchamp, whose drawings regularly appeared in *Punch* between 1924 and 1938.



officer who joined his regiment in a junior rank late in 1940 and was still in the front line at the final triumph outside Tunis.

The characters are fictitious but the events actually happened and have been collected together in this documentary narrative without attempting to hide the horrors and futility of war and yet not glorifying it. A. V.

**The Secret Raiders.** David Woodward. William Kimber, 15/-

The Admiralty has released the official German narratives of the adventures of six commerce raiders who, between 1940 and 1943, sank 850,000 tons of Allied shipping. This book forms a complete picture of piracy on a grand scale.

Any danger of the reader becoming bored by the long list of easy conquests these ships enjoyed is more than balanced by the ingenuity their captains displayed in the process. The flags of Allied nations ran easily up and down their masts, funnels changed in shape and numbers, kingposts rose and fell like pistons, and distinctive national colourings were forever being applied from stem to stern. One raider even careened at sea by shifting ballast to expose as much of her underwater fouling as was possible. By mid 'forty-three these marauders were either sunk or driven home. But the author's conclusions concerning Russia's post-war building rate of all classes of ships *vis-à-vis* our own hesitancy over what ships to build is far from reassuring to us as a nation still as dependent on the seas being open as ever. R. B.

**Dark Landscape.** Madge Hales. Chatto and Windus, 6/-

Miss Hales writes difficult and oracular verse which leaves one, at first reading, doubting whether it is an economic proposition to quarry out the seam of poetry involved in it. There are so many obvious epithets (sullen, silent, brooding, and sultry all in three short lines) and similes ("Only the shadows move, back and forward Like a pendulum . . .") contrasting oddly with frequent violence to language and grammar; such odd echoes of the Georgians; such evident lack, occasionally, of hard work or taste (it's difficult to tell which). But reading several of the poems several times, I found that they read better aloud, and that some of them gave me considerable pleasure, though I still don't feel sure that it was worth mining for it. P. D.

**Thin Air.** Howard Browne. Gollancz, 9/6

Leona Coryell, devoted wife and mother, enters her house, is followed at once by husband Ames, and is never seen again until page 208. Bizarre—and it is a pity that Mr. Browne's anxiety to play fair with his readers traps him into a carelessly broad hint on page one. However, the story is not a puzzle only

but an ordeal by suspense mercilessly sustained. New York advertising life supplies much of the background. It seems likely that the author is in that line himself, and if the publicity experts shown here as weak, malicious and self-seeking to a man are drawn from life he might be wise, now the book's out, to get into thriller-writing exclusively. He would meet nicer people and make just as much money. J. B. B.

**The Memoirs of Catherine the Great.**

Edited by Dominique Maroger, with an Introduction by G. P. Gooch. Hamish Hamilton, 25/-

Catherine II of Russia, commonly known as Great, might well be described as the George Sand of royalty. The similarities between these two ladies are most striking; both were dragged rather than brought up (Catherine arrived in Russia with dirty underclothes—a failing of German princesses which Hervey mentions in reference to Caroline of Anspach's arrival in England), and both were appallingly ignorant of the facts of life—Catherine a little more so than George.

The reissue of these memoirs reveals Catherine to have been unusually shrewd and remarkable. She had little liking for modest sentiments and was ever stressing the high quality of her social adaptability. Equally appealing are her constant references to the failure of other people's intrigues when compared to her mastery of this particular craft. Tactically she was more Russian than the Russians; one suspects that she firmly believed that only a German could handle Slavs. Her story should not be missed if only because Catherine told such a good story. K. D.



[South

Jan Wiczewsky—DENHOLM ELLIOTT



## AT THE PLAY

South (ARTS)

ON the rare and unattractive occasions when one sees a play about men in love with men, it is at least useful to be told who is in love with whom. In this important respect *South*, the first play by the French novelist, JULIEN GREEN, left me bewildered. Its three leading characters overflow with intuition, a quality irritating at all times and hopeless for dramatic purposes. And it demanded so much occult perception from the audience that we came out asking what exactly it was all about, and wondering indeed how anything so politely obscure had qualified for the Lord Chamberlain's frown.

This obscurity lies not in the acting, which is in the main excellent, nor in PETER HALL's production, the strongest at the Arts for some time. The beginning is perfectly clear. In the house of a rich Southern planter on the eve of the American Civil War his family waits anxiously. Staying with them is a young Polish refugee, now an officer in the Northern Army, and treated by his host

almost as a son. Icily controlled, he is obviously a queer fish, but just how queer we are left guessing at the end of the first act (much the best), in which he has mentally tortured the planter's niece, who is violently attracted by him, but at the same time repelled; her hatred is one of the vital question-marks left unsolved except by the vaguest of hints that she knows something dreadful against him. Our curiosity is whetted farther by an elderly negro prophesying doom, and by the planter's conviction that something terrible will happen shortly—in addition, it seems, to the war.

The apparent key to the mystery is a solemn young man called Mac Clure, priggishly in love with the daughter of the house. His entrance induces second sight in the Pole, with whom he clasps hands in sudden friendship. Nearly stifled with emotion, the Pole slaps his face, and in the subsequent duel is slain unresisting with uncalled-for savagery. As the first cannonade of the war rolls out, this curious play ends with the grief of the planter and his niece, weeping over the corpse. Everyone is then supposed to have understood everything.

Were we to take it that the Pole fell in

love at first sight with Mac Clure, exceedingly unlikely though this appeared? Was the planter's affection for his guest out of the ordinary? No author can be as uncommunicative as Mr. GREEN and expect his tension to hold; even the excitement of the impending battle goes for little. His dialogue varies considerably in quality, the planter's conversation, for instance, being very woolly, but the part of the niece is so well written as to suggest that if he could be a little plainer he might be an interesting dramatist.

PETER HALL's careful production, with a beautiful set by PAUL MAYO, seems to give every help, and there are two very good performances, by CLARE AUSTIN and DENHOLM ELLIOTT, as the niece and the Pole. LYNDON BROOK sketches solidly Mac Clure's stupidity; the planter remains an uncertain character, though ANDRE MORELL works hard to make him live. Bird-watchers will need to be on their toes to sort out the rich background symphony of southern warblers.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

This must be the worst season since the Young Roscius was hit on the ear by a lark pie. Old reliables are Rattigan's *Separate Tables* (St. James's—29/9/54), Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* (Haymarket—10/11/54), and *St. Joan* (St. Martin's—16/2/55).

ERIC KEOWN



### AT THE PICTURES

*The Night My Number Came Up*—White Feather

AMAN who might have had a legitimate complaint against the film *The Night My Number Came Up* (Director: LESLIE NORMAN) is the late J. W. Dunne. Here is a story based entirely on the idea that a dream can be prophetic, and full of argument and discussion about the question; but the name of Dunne, who I think would be widely enough known, even without the popularizing activities of Mr. Priestley, as the scientific propounder of a time theory by which this would be possible, is not mentioned once. The whole idea is constantly referred to as an "old Chinese superstition." This it was perhaps unreasonable of me to find irritating, but . . . After all, they didn't have to baffle those groundlings who have never heard of Dunne with any elaborate reference; all one expected was the mere occasional dropping of the name by two or three of these thoughtful characters, who would certainly have mentioned it in any discussion of the subject in life.

However, I know well enough that this has nothing to do with the real merits of the film, which succeeds in being absorbing by very simple methods, not (if you stop to think) at all unpredictably, and with comparatively little action. The dream under consideration is of an air



(*The Night My Number Came Up*)

Air Marshal Sir John Hardie—MICHAEL REDGRAVE

crash on the coast of Japan. The dreamer is a naval commander who describes it to some acquaintances about to make a flight, and suspense steadily strengthens as their circumstances, which at first had seemed quite different from those in his description, gradually through a series of accidents and last-minute changes come to resemble them exactly.

Quite simple, as I say, and even mechanical as a method of working out a plot; and yet the dialogue (script by R. C. SHERRIFF) and the interplay of character in the discussions are so well managed that the piece is satisfying in detail as well as gripping to the end.

What the end is, we are asked not to reveal; but the idea that knowledge of it would spoil your enjoyment of the rest seems to me quite wrong. For some mysterious reason (I have touched on this point before) there are narrative devices—particularly for building suspense, but including also certain ways of tear-jerking—that are always infallibly effective even though one can quite clearly see how they work. The strength of this film comes from the collaboration of a number of good players, under a skilful director, in the presentation of a script intelligently built on one of these devices. It is interesting all the way, not merely because one hopes for a surprise at the end.

A solemn voice before the credit titles of *White Feather* (Director: ROBERT WEBB) tells us that the story we are about to see actually happened—"the only difference being that when the Indians speak, they will speak in our language, so that you can understand them." In

fact the Indians speak the language they speak in practically all Westerns; the most noticeable features of it are the use of "this" where it is usual in English to say "that" or "it"—"He has told us of this," "Will he do this?" and so forth—and the careful separation of every short gruff word from the next.

It is a pretty good Western, set in the Northern Range country of Wyoming in 1877. The focus of action is Fort Laramie, where they are "sitting on a powder-keg" as the Cavalry colonel observes, waiting for a favourable moment to conclude a treaty with the Indians on the other side of the river. The Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Crow and the Arapaho Indians are willing to sign and move south; only the Cheyennes are for long savagely determined to hold out where they are. At last the old chief signs, but his son prefers to die fighting the whole cavalry troop alone. CinemaScope does this last scene proud, but there is plenty of magnificent spectacle throughout, and—as so often—ingredients that are quite familiar from previous Westerns combine with remarkable freshness of effect.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, *Seven Samurai* (2/3/55), *The Country Girl* (23/3/55) and *The Last Bridge* (30/3/55) continue.

Releases include *That Lady* (30/3/55) and others I'm not inclined to recommend; but remember there were two good ones last week—*The End of the Affair* (9/3/55) and *Bad Day at Black Rock* (23/3/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Unquiet Week-end

THE "dismal science" need not be dismal. Its unhappy, even disastrous reputation with listeners is the result of misuse at the hands of politicians who are apt to steer all economic argument along the party line, to deal in cosy economic platitudes and to call a spade a spade only as an oratorical *tour de force*. When an economist is allowed twenty minutes of the Third Programme in which to air his views the result, oftener than not, is a disquisition so balanced and beset with riders and qualifications that only a handful of listeners finds the pace rewarding: but put your economist in front of the television cameras and a troupe of informed journalists and his opinions stand out like sores in Technicolor.

The grilling of Colin Clark in "Press Conference" was one of the most successful items ever screened. Here we had a man holding views that are unpopular with the Left and with all but the most advanced or die-hard sections of the Right. Mr. Clark doesn't like the Welfare State, doesn't like over-full employment, thinks Lancashire's cotton industry should be written off, wants death duties reduced, subsidies and family allowances abolished . . . and on paper he can make out a reasoned and convincing defence of these "heresies." On the spur of the moment, however, there was no possibility of defence: confronted by a straightforward question "Would you do away with the Health Service?" he could only—very bravely—say yes. And long before he had begun to explain his reactionary beliefs his inquisitors were off on another tack.

I felt sorry for the economist.



Mr. John Snagge

Realizing the hopelessness of putting up an adequate defence, he laid down his arms and made no attempt to answer the repeated "Why?" of Francis Williams and company. But to his great credit he retracted nothing, not even those of his assertions most obviously in need of qualification and elaboration. I am not saying that this was "good" economics: it was not. But it was far from dismal, and considered purely as television it was superb.

The feast of sport on both sound and TV brightened a week-end without newspapers. It is a great pity that the Grand National is not televised, for the great steeplechase is now a truly national occasion, for which an hour and a half of badminton is no adequate substitute. The sound broadcast—once the listener had reconciled the varying pronunciations of the commentators—was exciting enough, though this year I missed the sound effects which help to sustain the atmosphere. The hoofbeats were not

thunderous enough and I heard no satisfying splashes or crashes. But perhaps the going was too soft for sudden death.

As for the Boat Race, well, the B.B.C. once again managed to work up some fictitious excitement by running its launch aground, bumping the umpire and mangling the TV sound. The technical difficulties involved in this annual telecast are no doubt formidable, but the contretemps are so regular that one suspects the engineers of good-humoured sabotage. After all, anything is better than a routine procession in the rain.

I listened hopefully to the sound News and to Television "News and Newsreel" during this printless week-end, expecting the B.B.C. to take over

part at least of Fleet Street's job and provide us with supplementary news and commentary. But it takes more than a strike and a newspaper hold-up to shake the B.B.C. out of its comfortable conventions, and its reactions when they emerged were belated and meagre. Its sympathies were restricted, it seems, almost entirely to the pools punters and, perhaps, the pools promoters. There were solemn re-readings of the football results, the mills of the national economy continued to grind, and a national disaster—a rising on the scale of France's Poujadists—was narrowly averted.

The puff for Fernandel, the remarkable French comedian, was a most pleasant nightcap. Fernandel mimed eloquently and amusingly and demonstrated anew that he is one of the most attractive and gifted of the ugly ducklings of the entertainment world. We could do with more Fernandels on TV, though he did his best to multiply himself and play a dozen rôles.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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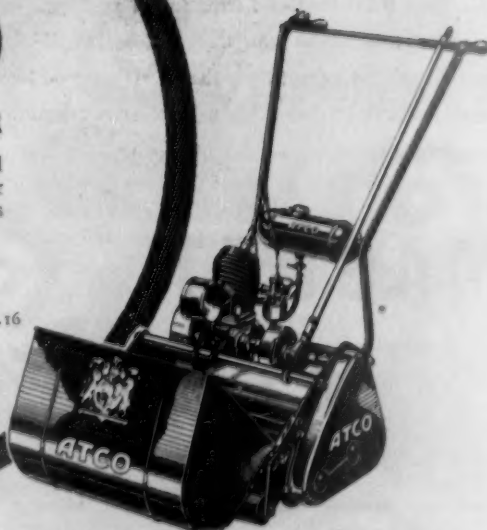
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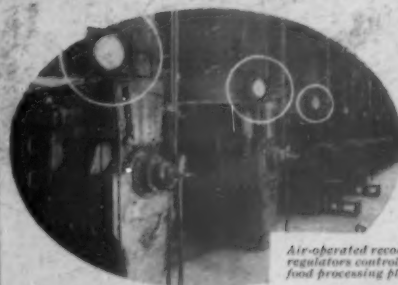
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**P**eter Gordon Masefield was born in Staffordshire and educated at Westminster School and Chillon College, Switzerland. Between graduating in Engineering at Cambridge in 1935 and being appointed Chief Executive of British European Airways in 1949, he has been: a Technical Editor, a War Correspondent, first British Civil Air Attaché in Washington and Director-General of Long Term Planning and Projects at the Ministry of Civil Aviation. Recreations? You can tell the man by his clubs—Royal Aero and Royal Automobile.

## "My Daily Mail" *by PETER MASEFIELD*

**I** CANNOT say honestly that I have read the Daily Mail 'all my life' because there was a time, initially, when I could not read. Even then I was reared on 'Teddy Tail'—read out to me regularly at breakfast from the Daily Mail by the 'daily woman'.

Since then my interest in the paper has somewhat widened. I must admit to a particularly soft spot for it because of the magnificent way in which it assisted Aviation's early struggles with the Daily Mail £1,000 prize for the first aeroplane flight across the Channel and the £10,000 prizes for the flights from London to Manchester and non-stop across the North Atlantic.

The days of £10,000 prizes may now be over—except

for Football Pools, in which, I note, the Daily Mail keeps one well informed on form. More in my line, I find that the Daily Mail still keeps its readers well abreast of the latest aeronautical developments from the able pen of my friend Courtenay Edwards, a worthy successor of such famous Daily Mail air correspondents as Harry Harper, Amy Johnson and Sir Alan Cobham.

Indeed, it seems to me that the Daily Mail suits the specialist and the general reader alike. It is a particularly well balanced paper. Its comments are sound, it has a keen nose for news. It's human. It's accurate. It's bright without pandering to sensation. And it often makes me nostalgic for my journalistic days."



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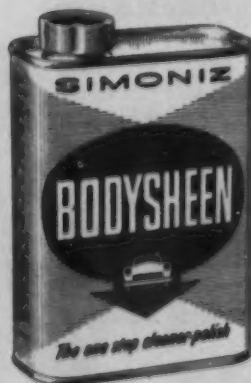


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# Wild life in APRIL



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

A TIDAL GUTTER ON THE EAST COAST FLATS ; a sweet-and-sour day of sun and drizzle in the third week of April. In another fortnight the leaves will hide the rookery (1). The swallow tribe have come ; the sand-martin (2) arrived in the first week of the month, the swallow (3) in the second, the house-martin (4) in the third. Summer-visitors, too, are yellow wagtail (5), singing in its territory or feeding at the edge of the plough, and cuckoo (6). An off-duty nesting lapwing (7) feeds while its mate incubates. The migrant waders pass ; curlew (8) still moving are probably bound for Scandinavia, whimbrel (9) for Iceland, greenshank (10) and golden plover (11) for Highland Scotland, ruffs (12) for the western end of the Baltic, bar-tailed godwits (13) for Iceland. Most of these are in full spring plumage ; the ruffs have nearly grown their strange adornments, and already display them in desultory fights. The resident redshanks (14) nest in the marsh ; in courtship they bow and raise their wings as banners. On their way to some quiet inland streamside, common sandpipers (15) refuel, continually bobbing their trim bodies. Above the marsh a snipe (16) dives in its drum-flight. The shelducks (17) fly their last spring excursions in flocks — some have already dispersed to their nesting-burrows. The early crop of young rabbits (18) is well-grown.



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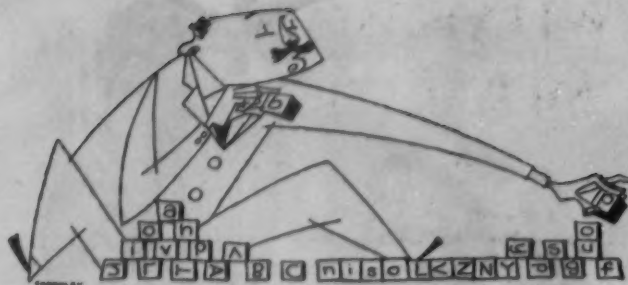
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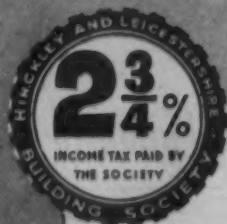
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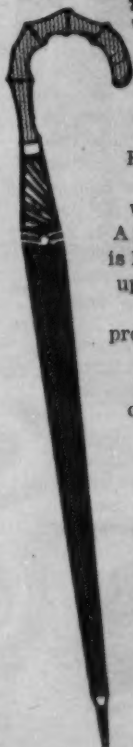
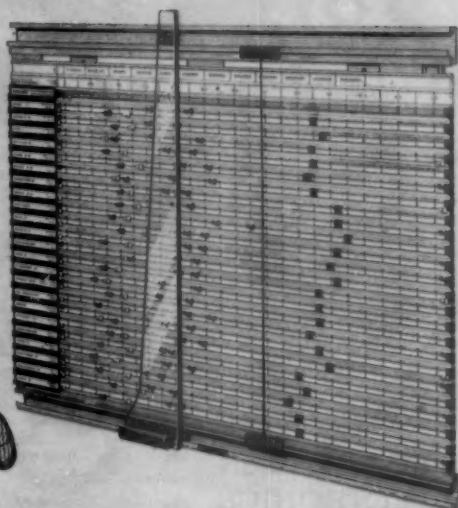
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By Prince Gourielli

**H**AVE you ever heard the words: "such a *clean-cut* young man" or "how well-groomed he always is"? According to a recent survey it is *grooming* that the girls find it hardest to resist. Effeminate? Nonsense! Using the resources of the famous laboratories of my wife, Helena Rubinstein (the celebrated cosmetician), I have designed a new range of toilet preparations for men and men only. The scent I chose has a rugged freshness that's unmistakably masculine; and the original cocktail-shaker flasks are plainly 'his'. What constitutes good grooming? Let's start at the top, **YOUR HAIR**. Dandruff? ... greasy and dull? ... dry and lifeless? Try my new Tonic Hair Shampoo (7/9) followed by Tonic Hair Groom (15/6). The shampoo contains a special agent to control dandruff and the hair groom is vitamin-enriched. **YOUR FACE**. Without a doubt your face's worst enemy is the razor. To protect tender skin I have created a New Enriched Shave Cream (in Classic Bowl 10/9) blended of super-soft oils that penetrate the most grizzled beard and lubricate the skin beneath. To carry on the good work I developed a special After-Shave Lotion (15/6) to nourish, tone and soothe. Note: a *lotion*, **YOUR BODY**. For general good-grooming there is Prince Gourielli Men's Soap (3 man-sized tablets for 10/9) ... Talcum For Men (discreetly treated with a new deodorant, 7/9) ... and Eau de Cologne For Men (19/6). Available from leading stores and chemists. P.G.



### £4,315

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To M. MACAULAY (General Manager for Gt. Britain and Ireland)  
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## PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

Despite its innumerable applications, the magnet is still popularly associated with its use as a navigational aid. This

is perhaps not surprising when one considers that the earliest experiments in magnetism were connected with the compass and its use in navigation.

It is said that the Chinese were using a form of lodestone compass in B.C. 2637, but the experimental study of magnetic direction finding devices really began in A.D. 1000 and reached something of a milestone in the 16th century with the work of Dr. Gilbert, who was physician to Queen Elizabeth.

It is only within the last twenty years, however, that revolutionary advances have been made in navigational aids. Radar was, of course, the most important of these advances and it owed its successful development to the invention of an electronic tube known as a magnetron, and this device, in turn, depended for its efficiency upon the "Ticonal" permanent magnet—an alloy having great field strength, stability and uniformity.

Mullard's work in the field of magnetic materials has been particularly outstanding. In addition to "Ticonal" permanent magnets, two other materials now in quantity production are Magnadur, a non-metallic permanent magnet, and Ferroxcube, a non-metallic H.F. core material. These materials are contributing to important developments in other electronic applications such as television receivers and line communications equipment.



Progress in magnetic materials continues, and through this the future may well see developments of equal significance to those which have gone before.

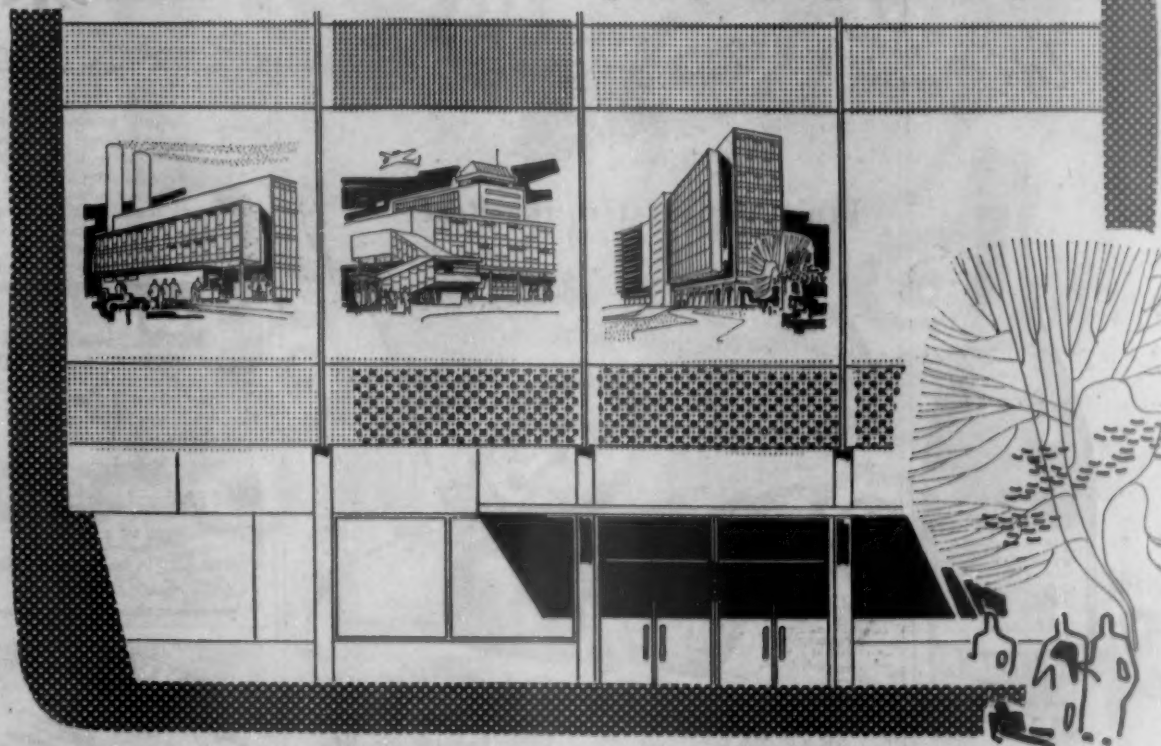
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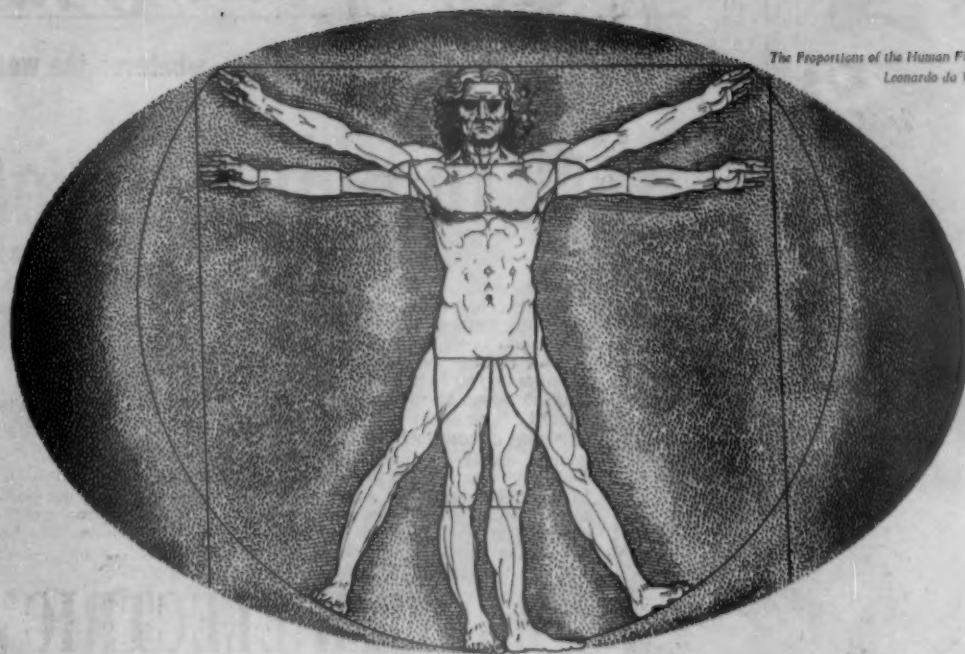


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## Man is the measure of all things—

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We live in an age of great organisations; can we also live in one of great individuals? To reconcile the technical achievement of modern society with the dignity of the men and women who compose it is the problem of our time. To reach a solution we must first be certain of the aim we set our mammoth communities and world-wide corporations; when the last superlative has been uttered, the test must be the same—how far they contribute to the happiness, understanding and liberty of the ordinary man.

The real measure of a modern industry is its power to preserve our human values while adding to our material heritage. Man is not just another factor in the productive chain—he is the reason for its existence.



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## Moody Model becomes a "regular" vendeuse



**M**ANTILLA works as a mannequin for the big fashion houses. Sometimes, of late, she's begun to think that *haute couture* is what happens when designers cut her. "Alors," I said, "what is the judgment of Paris?"

"Pretty damning," said Mantilla, dolorously. "They say I look like last year's model. But what can I do? All this constipation I get makes me hate the sight of a tube look."

"Maybe your tubes could do with a new look," I said.

"?" said Mantilla's eyebrows.

"Some tubes are the very devil," I said. "And the one that causes your trouble is the 30 ft. length you have inside you. Everything you eat has to go through it, by courtesy of your intestinal muscles. But your muscles can't go to work on the soft, starchy foods we eat today, and they get sluggish."

"What does that do for me?" asked Mantilla.

"It doesn't suit modom at all," I said. "What you've got is a three-piece ensemble called constipation, which does nothing for your figure,

your face, or your fortune. This year, the accent is on 'bulk'," I said.

"I don't get it," said Mantilla.

"You will," I said, "if you eat a little All-Bran for breakfast every day. All-Bran adds to your food the 'bulk' those muscles need—it makes you 'regular'—and it's delicious."

"I can but try . . ." said Mantilla.

Whereupon exit Mantilla, slinking; and a week later, re-enter a radiant Mantilla, slinkily—looking like the chic of Araby.

"Zut!" I said. "Is this the new line?"

"It certainly is," laughed Mantilla, "and you can thank All-Bran for that. It made me 'regular' in four days. It's simply made-to-measure!"

"A Classic," I said.

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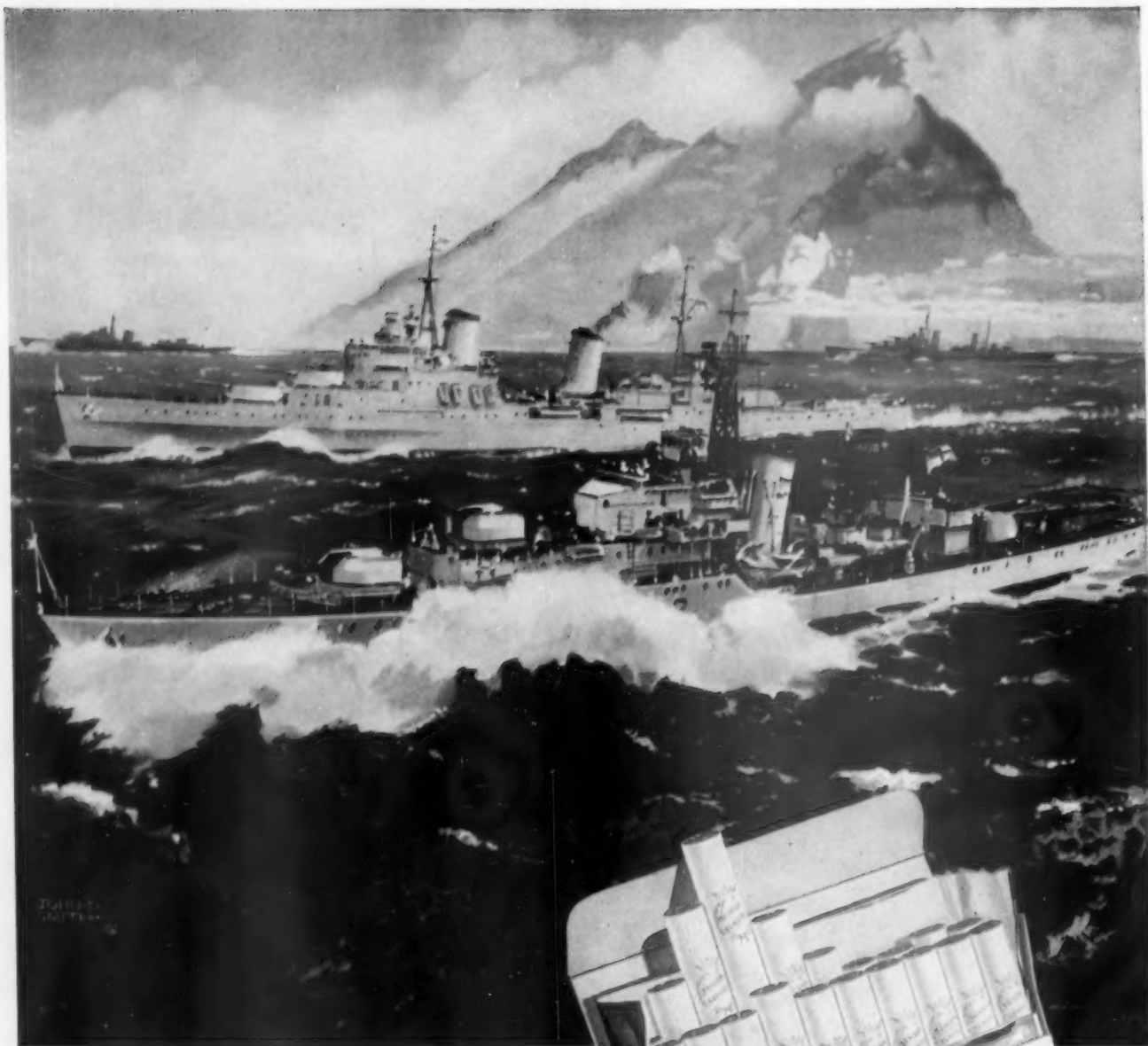
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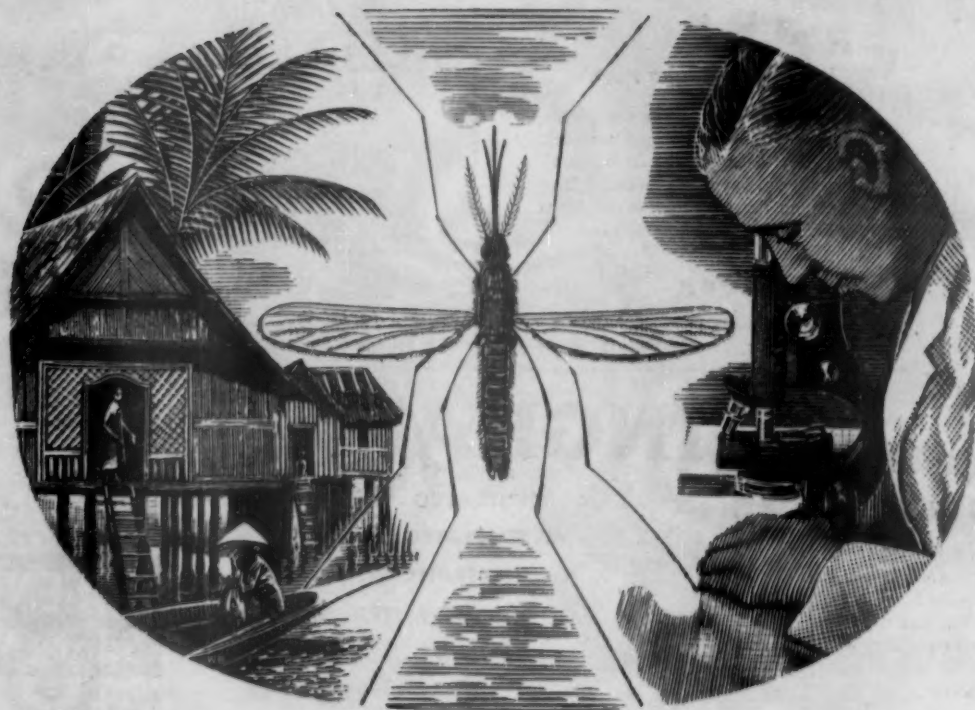
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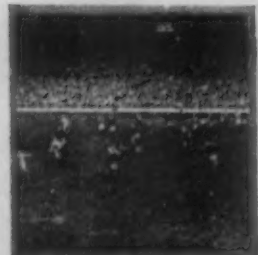
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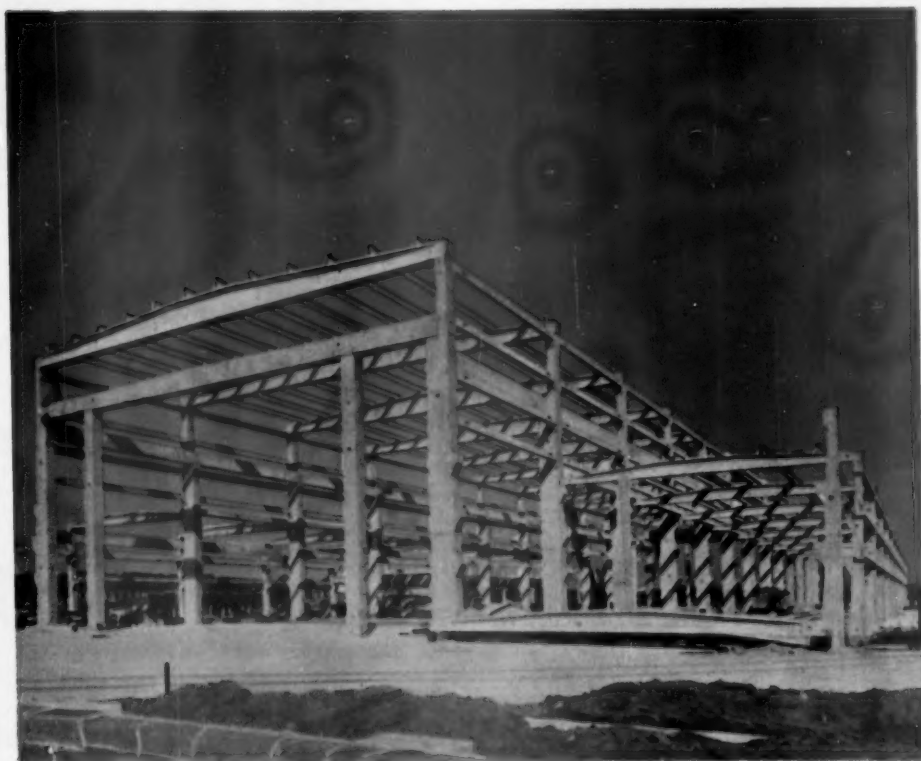
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*A Kodachrome photograph*

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The name of Elizabeth Fry, indefatigable worker for prison reform, is world famous. But it was as charming 19-year-old Miss 'Betsy' Gurney that in the spring of 1800 she signified her acceptance of Joseph Fry's proposal of marriage by picking up the gold watch he had laid on a white seat in this garden. Overlooking the garden is gracious Earlham Hall, on the outskirts of Norwich, home of the Gurney family for over a century.

About the time the Gurneys went to live at Earlham, certain Norwich men took an important humanitarian step of a different kind, for in 1797 Thomas Bignold and twenty-seven fellow citizens banded together for mutual protection against the hardships caused by fire. From that small beginning grew the great Norwich Union Insurance Societies, which today provide first-class insurances of all kinds in 70 different countries.



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